

THE

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## WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

— In the service of mankind, to be  
A guardian god below; still to employ  
The mind's brave ardor in heroic aims,  
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,  
And make us shine for ever—that is life!

THOMPSON.

WE have just read, for the second time, the life of Wilberforce by his sons, and under an impulse received by this reperusal of the volume, take occasion to say something of that illustrious person to whom its pages are devoted. Wilberforce is one of those men whom the world have agreed to respect, and whom Christians fondly love. And very properly; for, though there have existed as pure patriots as he, as finished statesmen as he, as commanding orators as he, and as devoted friends of the Redeemer as he, few, if any, have combined these qualities in greater measure than himself, and presented so symmetrical and perfect a character. Hence all classes find something in him to admire, and there is attached to the name of WILBERFORCE a moral dignity and excellence with which few names can compare. The moment it is uttered, there arises before the mind an individual who, by the grace of God, fulfilled, it is admitted, the great end of his being, blessed his generation, and illustrated those virtues which adorn and exalt humanity. The biography of this distinguished man, by his sons, is well executed, and, though traced by the hand of affection, bears no marks of fulsome adulation or extra-

vagant eulogy. Of course but a brief sketch of his character can be given in the short space allotted to us.

William Wilberforce, only son of Robert Wilberforce and his wife Elizabeth, was born at Hull, in Yorkshire, of which place his grandfather had been twice mayor, on the 24th of August, 1759. He lost his father when he was quite young, from whom he inherited a large estate, which became still larger from a bequest left him by a fraternal uncle. He was of small stature, his figure delicate, and his constitution frail; but these physical disadvantages were overbalanced by an affectionate disposition, and superior intellectual endowments. His first studies were pursued at the grammar school of Hull, from which place he was transferred to a private school at Wimbleton, kept by a Scotchman of the name of Chalmers, who appears to have been distinguished rather for a red unshaven beard, than for any of the qualifications of a teacher. While here, though he learned but little, he was under the influence of a pious aunt, who treated him as a son, and whose good instruction and example made upon him a favorable impression. She was a warm admirer of Whitfield, "heard him gladly," and while endeavoring herself to imbibe the spirit of that holy man, endeavored likewise to infuse it into the breast of her nephew. His stay here, however, was too short to secure any permanent moral results; and his next loca-

tion, at Pocklington, while it was somewhat more favorable to the cultivation of his mind, was most unfavorable as regarded his religious impressions. Indeed, no pains were spared by his mother and kindred to obliterate all sentiments of piety from his soul. To this end the theatre, balls, dining parties and card parties were resorted to, and, as is usual when such efforts are diligently made, with too much effect. He temporarily, at least, lost his views of divine things, and ceased to feel their power. He became the companion of those who passed their time in scenes of gaiety and amusement, and his sprightly qualities and rare powers of entertainment—for he was a joker, singer, and mimic—made him quite a favorite with them. In 1774, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where also he was beset with temptations to idleness and prodigality. He was often told, not only by his fellow students but others, that "it was beneath a young man of his genius and fortune to apply himself to study;" and he too far yielded to their pernicious counsel. His neglect of studiousness at this interesting and important period of his life, was ever afterwards the occasion to him of deep regret. He confessed that he had lost what he could not recover. He excelled, however, in the languages, and during his college course made the acquaintance of Clarendon and Pitt, whose good opinions he secured, and which he continued for years, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of politics, to retain. He graduated with the intention of entering upon public life; and in 1780, through the favor of his family friends in Hull, and an expenditure of between £8,000 and £9,000, was elected member of Parliament. During this parliament he did little in the matter of politics, and yet was more attentive to his duties than under the circumstances might perhaps have been expected. In 1784 he was chosen for the county of York, which triumphant event—for, considering the eminence of his opponent, and the influences arrayed against him, it was a triumph most honorable and gratifying—closed his twenty-fifth year. His address to the populace from the hustings was exceedingly happy and effective, giving token of his future power. Boswell, describing his frail form and eloquence, says, "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table, but as I listened, he grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale." His speech was received with the loudest acclama-

tions of applause, and spoken of as a very superior effort.

Up to this period we have seen Wilberforce only as a gay, ambitious young man of brilliant talents and ample pecuniary resources, borne on the tide of popular favor into a civil and commanding position. We are now to look at him as the subject of a spiritual, radical change, which revolutionized the person, and gave a new complexion to his whole future career.

Soon after taking his place in the House of Commons as member for the county of York, he proposed to one of his friends, W. Burgh, to take a tour with him upon the continent; and Burgh declining, he extended the invitation to Isaac Milner, late Dean of Carlisle. He accepting it, they set out together, accompanied by his mother, sister, and two female relations, and crossing France to Lyons, embarked upon the Rhine. Though Milner was not at that period as spiritually-minded and exemplary as he was subsequently, or as a minister preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified should have been, yet he was not one of those (too many of whom are found in the established church) who subscribe and teach articles they do not believe, and falsify the professions made at their ordination by the whole tenor of their after behavior. Milner believed the Bible, cordially espoused the system of truth there revealed, and though not particularly devoted, was so far under the influence of religious principle as gently to reprove Wilberforce whenever he uttered any sentiment hostile to piety. The natural consequence was, that Milner and his lively companion were drawn into frequent discussions touching the reality and claims of genuine religion. These discussions revived those impressions years before made upon his young mind by his pious aunt, which were further deepened by a little volume ("Dodridge's Rise and Progress of Religion") which one of their fellow travellers had with them. The effect was seriousness, an inquiring state of mind, and a resolution to attend to the imperishable interests of his soul. During the remainder of the tour, which he and Milner took alone, they read the New Testament together, fervently sought the illumination of the Holy One, and when they parted, the truth of God had found such lodgment in his heart, as to make him quite a different being from what he was before. He took an early opportunity to converse with the Rev. John

Newton and John Thornton, Esq., on the subject of his spiritual state, whose advice and prayers were very valuable to him, establishing him in the faith, and fortifying him against those seductions from duty to which, from his former irreligious associates and high station, he was peculiarly exposed. Daily exercising repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, his mind at length was brought into a calm, tranquil, and happy state. The Bible was precious to him, and the throne of grace, and the Sabbath, and Christian conversation; and the moral energy and excellence of his new principles pervaded all his conduct. Of this epoch we have his own account.

"I began," he says, "to be impressed with a sense of the weighty truths which were more or less the continual subjects of our conversation. I began to think what folly it was, nay, what madness, to continue month after month, nay, day after day, in a state in which a sudden call out of the world, which I was conscious might happen at any moment, would consign me to never-ending misery; while at the very same time I was firmly convinced, from assenting to the great truths taught us in the New Testament, that the offers of the Gospel were universal and free; in short, that happiness, eternal happiness, was at my option.

"As soon as I reflected seriously upon these subjects, the deep guilt and black ingratitude of my past life forced itself upon me in the strongest colors. I condemned myself for having wasted my precious time, and opportunities, and talents; and for several months I continued to feel the deepest convictions of my own sinfulness, rendered only the more intense by the unspeakable mercies of our God and Saviour declared to us in the offers and promises of the Gospel. These, however, by degrees produced in me something of a settled peace of conscience. I devoted myself for whatever might be the term of my future life, to the service of my God and Saviour, and with many infirmities and deficiencies, through His help I continue until this day."

His mother learning of this singular change in his views and feelings, to which she was experimentally an utter stranger, was extremely anxious respecting him, and mourned that he should be so carried away by fanaticism. But when she saw him, and saw how gracefully religion sat upon him, how the beauties of holiness were engrafted upon his former virtues, rendering him still more lovely, she was forced to confess the folly of her solicitude, and to wish that she too might possess

what appeared so charming and blessed in her son. "If this," said one of her friends, with whom she had conversed about her son previous to seeing him, and who had sympathized with her in her fears—"if this is madness, I hope William will bite us all." Who, we may remark, in this account of Wilberforce's conversion, can fail to see in it the work of the Almighty's hand! Who but *He* arranged all these various circumstances, suggested that tour, prompted Burgh to decline the invitation to go and Milner to accept of it, started that debate, put a copy of Doddridge there, and a copy of the Greek Testament there; and then so set home the truth, that a change was wrought so deep and thorough, that this gay young man withdraws from all the clubs of which he was a member, withdraws from all places of dissipation, and seeks the society of those who love God, sedulously endeavors to keep religious thoughts and impressions in his mind, and becomes, from a vain, ambitious worldling, an humble spiritual follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and so continues for half a century? Nothing verily but the renewing grace of God could do this. No other cause was adequate to the effect.

— "The change of man  
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,  
Is work for him who made him."

It was with a different temper and sentiments that Wilberforce took his seat in Parliament in the spring of 1786. New emotions were kindled in his bosom; he applied himself closely to study; his intellect was girded with renovated strength, and all the affections of his soul burst forth into the beautiful and fertilizing channels of benevolence. Early in the year 1789, we find him moving for the abolition of the slave trade, and presenting a number of petitions to secure that measure. These petitions he accompanied by a speech, of which Mr. Burke remarks, "the principles were so well laid down, and supported with so much force and ardor, that it equalled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not perhaps to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." Bishop Porteus, too, writing on the subject to the Rev. W. Mason, says, "It is with heartfelt satisfaction I acquaint you that Mr. Wilberforce opened yesterday, in the House of Commons, the important matter of the slave trade, in one of the ablest and most eloquent speeches that was ever heard in that or any other place. It con-

tinued upwards of three hours, and made a sensible and powerful impression on the House." Nor were Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox less loud in their encomiums. But it was not eloquence that could triumph over Guinea merchants. Many years elapsed before he could complete his object—years of opposition and trial, which would have discouraged almost any other man. During the administration of Mr. Pitt, every stratagem was resorted to, to defeat the measure, although Pitt was personally friendly to it; and it was not until after the resignation of Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox and his friends were elevated to power, that the result was secured. During the protracted period in which this matter was in agitation, he was busy "in season and out of season;" he struggled with difficulties and disappointments which seemed to those who knew them utterly too formidable to be overcome. But he sought strength from Heaven—knew that he possessed the sympathies and prayers of the good, and when cast down, like the fabled Antæus, but rose the stronger. One of the many notes of encouragement addressed to him, was written by John Wesley, and contained probably the last words of that extraordinary man; "Unless, my dear sir, Divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Oh! be not weary of well doing. Go on in the name of God and in the power of his might."

And he did thus go on with simple faith in the Most High, solemnly and constantly imploring Divine aid. His exertions were crowned with splendid success; and when this success came, he acknowledged its source with heartfelt thanksgiving. With unaffected humility he observes, "Oh, what thanks do I owe the Giver of all Good for bringing me, in His gracious Providence, to this great cause, which at length, after almost nineteen years' labor, is successful."

Nor, while he was doing this stupendous work for humanity, did he neglect the spiritual interests of his own country. Pained at the low standard of piety among the clergy, and the formality and worldliness which prevailed in the church, he formed the design of

addressing them on their estimate and practice of religious duty. The result was a work on *Practical Christianity*, which was executed with signal ability, and received with unprecedented popularity. Within a fortnight of its publication not a copy could be purchased, and within six months five editions, or seventy-five hundred copies, were in circulation. Writes Mr. Henry Thornton to Mr. Macauley, "The book on religion lately published by Mr. Wilberforce, excites even more attention than you would have supposed amongst all the graver and better disposed people. The better part of the religious world, and more especially the Church of England, prize it most highly, and consider it as producing an era in the history of the church." Wrote Bishop Porteus, "I am truly thankful to Providence that such a work has made its appearance at this tremendous moment;" while the testimony of Mr. Newton was, "that it was the most valuable and most important publication of the age." "What," he says, "what a phenomenon has Mr. Wilberforce sent abroad! Such a book, by such a man, and at such a time—a book which must and will be read by persons in the higher circles, who are quite inaccessible to us little folk, who will neither hear what we can say, nor read what we may write. I am filled with wonder and with hope. I accept it as a token for good—yea, as the brightest token I can discern in this dark and perilous day. Yes, I trust that the Lord, by raising up an incontestible witness to the truth and power of the Gospel, has a gracious purpose to honor him as an instrument of reviving and strengthening the sense of real religion where it already is, and of communicating it where it is not." It was indeed one of the most useful publications that ever came from the press. Among those who have owed their conversion to its instrumentality, we may mention Leigh Richmond, whose tracts, "The Young Cottager," "Dairyman's Daughter," &c., have been the vehicles of life eternal to many souls. Burke, too, according to Miss Hannah More, on his dying bed acknowledged to Dr. Lawrence, his physician, that he had been greatly profited by it, and committed specially to him his thanks to Mr. Wilberforce, for having sent such a book into the world.

Mr. Wilberforce retired from Parliament in the year 1825, and spent the residue of his days in the bosom of his family. There, encircled by his children and grand-children, and



in communion with his Maker through his works and word, he cheerfully and usefully "passed all the days of his appointed time till his change came." The following sketch of his domestic retirement is as truthful as it is beautiful:

"Who that ever joined him in his hour of daily exercise, cannot see him as he walked his garden at Highwood, now in animated and even playful conversation, and then drawing from his copious pockets (to contain 'Dalrymple's State Papers' was their standard measure) some favorite volume or other—a Psalter, a Horace, a Shakspeare, or Cowper, and reading or reciting chosen passages; and then catching at long-stored flower leaves, as the wind blew them from the pages; or standing before a favorite gum-cistus to repair the loss. Then he would point out the harmony of the tints, the beauty of the pencilling, the perfection of the coloring; and run up all into those ascriptions of praise to the Almighty which were ever welling forth from his grateful heart. He loved flowers with all the simple delight of childhood. He would hover from bed to bed over his favorites; and when he came in, even from his shortest walk, deposited a few that he had gathered, safely in his room, before he joined the breakfast table. Often would he say, as he enjoyed their fragrance, 'How good is God to us! What should we think of a friend who had furnished us with a magnificent house and all we needed, and then coming in to see that all had been provided according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no scents had been placed in the rooms? Yet, so has God dealt with us. Surely flowers are the smiles of His goodness.'"

He departed this life in his seventy-fifth year, after a short illness, not doubting that he was about to enter upon a world of secure peace and joy.

"Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day, Then claps his well fledged wings, and bears away."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and as his corpse, followed by a long procession of mourners, was laid nigh to the tombs of Pitt, Fox, and Canning, the vaulted roof of that venerable pile gave back the sublime benediction, never more fitly offered—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

To this rapid survey of the life of Wilber-

force, must be added a brief delineation of his character and accomplishments.

The glance we have taken shows most obviously that one remarkable trait in his character was his consistent, ardent piety. He was a sincere Christian. This, none who read his diary can doubt. He kept a record of the exercises of his soul—his interior life; and this shows the actings of a gracious principle, whose vigor was fed from Heaven. He was a Christian at all times, and in all places—on the Sabbath and during the week, in Parliament and by his own fireside. He walked with God, cultivated a sense of His presence, and of accountability to Him for all his doings, private and public. This was so marked as to be generally observable. He was taken knowledge of as one who had been with Jesus—was a living epistle, known and read of all men, and read for their profit. Many were forced to admit the reality of experimental religion from what they saw in him, and were won by his example to the paths of virtue. Says a person: "When I entered life, I saw a great deal of dishonorable conduct among people who made great professions of religion. In my father's house I met with individuals of this sort. This so disgusted me that, had it not been for the admirable pattern of consistency and disinterestedness which I saw in Mr. Wilberforce, I should have been in danger of a sort of infidelity." And remarks another, a shrewd observer: "That he acted up to the doctrines inculcated in his book as nearly as is consistent with the inevitable weakness of our nature, is a praise so high that it seems like exaggeration; yet in my conscience I believe it, and I knew him well for at least forty years." And he was a happy man; thus giving the lie to the charge so current, that religion is a gloomy, melancholy thing. "The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." And Wilberforce found it so even as the prophet had said. He was one of the most cheerful, happy men of his day. Though the sympathies of his heart were often called forth by scenes of injustice and cruelty, he cast his care upon the Lord, who caused him always to triumph in Christ. He rejoiced greatly in the Lord; and while others were depressed and distracted with anxieties and labors, his soul was blest with a serene and tranquil sweetness.

As another of his characteristic features, may be mentioned his honesty and fearless-

ness in the discharge of what he believed to be his duty. Once satisfied that a given course of policy was right, he steadily pursued it in defiance of ridicule, vituperation, or slander. He was often tried in this respect, but the result was ever the same; he swerved, he flinched not. Windham might be sarcastic, Burke ironical, and the King "turn a cold shoulder," and his constituents in Yorkshire remonstrate, and menacing epistles be addressed to him from various quarters; but it was enough for him to know that he was in the line of his duty. He went forward as an enlightened, approving conscience dictated. Nor is it surprising that he triumphed. The cause of timid, vacillating action is weakness of conviction. But Wilberforce, satisfied that he was performing the will of God and a noble service for humanity, never faltered, for his faith never wavered. The man who is bent upon doing good, looking unto Jesus and filled with his spirit, is not easily daunted or discouraged. Such a man meeting with obstacles, however formidable, instead of being stopped by them, takes them up, and bears them onward in his march, as Sampson bore off the gates of Gaza! Such was Wilberforce; his moral principle was inflexible, and his moral courage indomitable.

His, too, was a spirit of Christian union. Although Mr. Wilberforce was a member of the established church, he had the wisdom and good temper to *agree to differ* with those who were not. He numbered among his warmest friends those who were not Episcopalians; and in arranging and carrying out his plans of usefulness, co-operated as heartily with Dissenters and Quakers, as with those of his own denomination. His motto was that good old motto, never more precious than in this day of polemical strife and sectarian prejudice: "In essentials, UNITY; in non-essentials, LIBERTY; in all things CHARITY." And with reason: for disputes about the maximum of difference in religious matters ends much like the contest between Copelius and Spalanzani for the beautiful waxen statue, as described by Hoffman in his story of the Sandman, where the quarrel closed by tearing the symmetrical figure in pieces, and mauling each other with its fragments. So truth in such cases is often dismembered, and its *dissecta membra* used as weapons of aggression.

As a private man, he was most exemplary and amiable. He loved hospitality, and none crossed the threshold of his home without ex-

periencing his kindness and being charmed with his conversation. Mackintosh remarked of him, "that he was the most amiable man he ever saw, touching life at all points." His flow of spirits was perennial, and he delighted in all innocent ways to unbend himself. He had a vivacity which fascinated, and a wit which amused; and this vivacity and wit, which is rarely the case, were joined to a well balanced mind and a sound judgment. This mind and judgment enabled him to adopt the most feasible means to accomplish a desired result; and this vivacity and wit enabled him to interest others in his undertakings, and prosecute them with energy and effect.

As a speaker, his powers were of a high order; and he shone not less on the platform than in the House of Commons. Though his figure was not commanding, his voice was pleasing, his enunciation remarkably distinct, and his delivery not only correct and natural, but striking. His ideas were well arranged and clothed in choice language, his statement of facts luminous, and his argumentation close. Add to this his happy illustrations, his suavity of temper and resources of pathos, and we can see why his rhetorical efforts were held up to admiration, even in an age abounding with good speakers. He had not indeed the boldness and sublimity of Pitt, nor the solid opulence of Burke, nor the vehement outpourings of Fox, nor the brilliant flashes of Sheridan; and yet he was as elegant and eloquent as either, and perhaps no one of those orators, taken as a whole, excelled him. He had one decided advantage over either—that of being acknowledged by all to be a *good man*—a qualification for a perfect orator which Cicero declares to be vital. This he eminently possessed; all admitted his virtues; and he probably carried his measures as much by this undoubted conviction of his honesty, as by the workings of his piercing intellect. He was respected by all as a conscientious Christian, one whom they knew where to find, and who, when found, would be found on the side of truth and righteousness. Hence they trusted him, and were willing to be led by him. This was what clothed him with greater power than his gifted contemporaries. The secret of that power, the charm of that spell which he exercised, was his own unquestionable moral excellence. This was the golden key to his success and usefulness.

It is generally supposed that a young man who is converted, can be more useful by be-

coming a minister of the Gospel, than by engaging in any other calling. But this is by no means certain. It is by no means certain that Hale and Jones, on the tribunals of justice; Boerhaave, Haller, Rush, and Good, in the practice of medicine; and Gilbert West, Soame Jennings, Locke, and Wilberforce, in other walks of life, have not exerted as wide, as holy, and as lasting an influence, as if they had been clergymen. What clergyman contemporary with Wilberforce did more good than he did? He moulded the sentiments and hearts of many, on whom the influence of the most distinguished ministers would have been lost. We care not how fully stocked the clerical profession may be—too many faithful ambassadors of Jesus Christ we cannot have; but then it should not be taken for granted by every pious man, that he is called of God to serve his Master in the pulpit. The vineyard of the Redeemer which Christians are commanded to cultivate, is not so circumscribed, and we need the salt of Divine grace in other fountains also. We want our physicians, lawyers, judges, legislators, philosophers, and poets, to be pious. We want all the flowers of poetry and of rhetoric which are gathered

to be planted on the ascent to Calvary; and all the trophies which are won in the arts, sciences, and literature, to be deposited at the foot of the cross.

We must close; and we close in the hope that he whose character we have been contemplating will be imitated by those in public life. What a different aspect would be given to our halls of Congress and all our political affairs, were those in places of honor and trust like him of whom we have spoken, living not for their own fame, or their own pleasures, or for any selfish ends, but for the service of mankind and the glory of their Creator! Statesmen formed after his model will be statesmen indeed—Christian statesmen, lifted above the clashing of the arena and the convulsions of party contentions, blessings to their generation and ornaments to their country. We have a few such, and it is our prayer that they may be multiplied; that many may be seen emulating the bright example of Wilberforce, and binding upon their brows a wreath like his. Other wreaths will fade, but this will hold its greenness in the lapse of ages, and freshen through eternity.

N. E.

## THE RADIANT THRONE.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

I SAW a silvery shore,  
Where tinkling waters fell,  
And threw around Thought's airy bound the 'trancing sound  
Of Music's soft, delicious spell.

Ancar the radiant line  
That hemmed the rippling tide,  
A massive stone arose alone the brilliant throne  
Whereon an angel did abide.

It seemed to be a fount  
Whence rays celestial streamed,  
Whose effluence caught the wayward thought and swiftly brought  
The wanderer back from death, redeemed.

I sailed along the main,  
In bold attempts to find  
Some haven near, where Doubt and Fear could not appear  
To cloud th' empyrean in my mind.

But on my wilful soul  
The winds in tempest blew;  
And wild and free, they brought to me a troubled sea,  
With death-crowned breakers in my view.

My feeble bark was tossed,  
And night had settled round,  
When o'er the wave there came to save from Ocean's grave  
A light that pierced the gloom profound.

I turned my straining eye  
To catch th' inspiring ray,  
And through the night my longing sight beheld the light  
That heralded the beams of day.

Then Trust's unerring hand  
Swift caught the star-taught helm,  
And braved the deep where billows leap or tempests sweep  
The erring bark to overwhelm.

I fled along my way,  
And soon the port espied,  
Whose massive stone arose alone the radiant throne  
Whereon an angel did abide.

How bright this wondrous gem  
That lured my shattering bark,  
Its golden sheen was clearly seen the surge between,  
When mountain waves rolled high and dark.

How bright that pearly shore  
To tearful eyes appeared,  
That oft had wept and never slept, but vigils kept,  
Till this fair haven I had neared.

Faith in that guiding ray,  
Strength-giving, led me on:  
Doubt's billows past, I then at last my anchor cast  
The firm and beautiful strand upon.

The waves were stilled to peace,  
And symphonies were heard,  
That rose and fell with ebb or swell, in many a shell,  
Whose Nereid notes were softly stirred.

Beyond the water-line  
Sweet vales and hills were seen,  
Or dew-gemmed flowers that caught the showers in gentle  
hours,  
And decked the earth with gold or green.

A radiant guide was there,  
Whose voice, inviting me,  
Was heard to say, "Come, Soul, away! Thou canst not  
stay—  
There is a brighter place for thee!"

My path was emerald pure,  
While rubies shone around,  
And many a gem whose ray might hem a diadem  
Was spangled o'er the glittering ground.

I asked my guide his name,  
And what these splendors mean,  
He softly said, as on we sped, divinely led,  
"Their spirit-teachings shall be seen.

"The rock that stands to lead  
The soul that sails alone,  
And shines so pure, is always sure, and must endure,  
Truth's everlasting star-bull throne.

"Its ray is HOPE, that beams  
Upon the dreary soul;  
While PROMISE there bids all beware of dark Despair,  
And lifts her voice when billows roll.

"Here, 'mid these balmy fields,  
Where FAITH is seen no more,  
There is a rest supremely blest for every guest,  
Where bright FRUITION decks the shore."

## THE FLOWER OF OUR VILLAGE.

ELLEN GRAY was pretty; there is no doubt of it; and to say that I loved her would be saying no more than every one might say on whom the light of her bright eye shone. Up there in the country where we lived, there was none of that stiff formality, and no rules of conventional etiquette that govern society here in the city, and the heart had full play in childhood and youth. Our young people acted as they felt; and as they were usually happy, they seemed to enjoy themselves when they came together for an evening visit, or set off on a winter's sleigh-ride. But if there was one more buoyant and joyous than the rest, it was Ellen. Her heart was always in her face; light, ardent, pure, and blessed herself, a stream of love and blessedness flowed ever from her warm soul, as from a perennial fountain.

She was ten years younger than I, and was therefore a little girl when I was grown to man's estate, and my heart was fixed before Ellen came on the stage. But everybody loved Ellen Gray, and I loved her with the rest; and why should I not? There was no more harm

in loving her than in loving a fairy or a picture of an angel. The heart would go out after one who loved every one; and hence the universal admiration which this sweet girl received as she passed on from childhood among the years that are known as the teens. Her father was dead, and her mother was poor, and Ellen was an only child; and if a slight feeling of pity was mingled with the feelings which moved the heart when Ellen Gray was near you, it served only to deepen the attachment with which this child was regarded. But before the death of her father, Ellen had enjoyed as good opportunities for instruction as that region of country afforded, and she had improved them all. Quick, ready, and ardent in pursuit of anything on which her mind was set, she had made rapid and solid advancement in learning, so that there was no young lady of her age who was equal to her.

Ellen's mother had struggled hard, after she was left a widow, to provide the means of support for herself and her daughter. How tenderly that mother and that child loved! It



was a sight to bless the eye to look in upon their cottage; you could not say which was the more dependent; the mother lived for the daughter, and the daughter was happy only as she was the solace and support of her on whose breast in infancy she leaned. And the sweet smile of the daughter lighted that cottage as a star that never set. The mother rejoiced in it, and felt gratitude she could not speak in the possession of a treasure that no wealth, in her poverty, could buy.

But the mother's health was feeble, and her labors were of course hardly sufficient to maintain herself, and Ellen's industry must add to the common store. This was cheerfully rendered; and for many years past, even when Ellen was not a mere child, she had delighted to spend her mornings and evenings in helping her mother, performing those light domestic duties which a child may easily discharge, if so disposed, and which lighten the load of a mother's cares, and leave her more leisure and strength for the more profitable employments on which she depended for daily bread. Now, let not any refined and sensitive reader in the city suppose that Ellen and her mother were the less *respectable*, or the less *respected* by the best society in the town of Lillinton, because they *worked for a living*. The fact is, they would not have been esteemed had they been willing to be dependent so long as they could take care of themselves. There was not a lady in Lillinton more beloved than Mrs. Gray. She was at the head of many of the movements in the parish for the promotion of this and that object of Christian benevolence; she was often looked up to for advice, and her example was as powerful as that of any other lady, except the minister's wife. In the best circles, that is, among the wealthiest and most intelligent people of the town, Ellen Gray was the brightest ornament; her company was sought; and a party was dull that lacked the light of Ellen's smile and the ring of her joyous voice. It was the mother's wish that Ellen should mingle much with her young friends. Mrs. Gray did not wish her daughter to be confined to her side continually; and she would urge her often, when Ellen would prefer to stay with her, to go out and be happy, and make others happy, as she shared the pleasures of society. But home was the dearest spot to both mother and daughter. Neither of them could have been happy elsewhere, unless the separation was the call of duty. It was

therefore a terrible trial to faith and love when the conviction slowly pressed itself upon the mind of both mother and daughter that it was necessary for Ellen to go abroad, and assume labors and responsibilities for which she seemed to be unfitted. But it had often been suggested to Ellen by those to whom she looked for counsel, that her education qualified her to give instruction to others, and that as a teacher she could provide a comfortable support for herself and her mother, and relieve the feeble Mrs. Gray from those labors to which she was now more and more inadequate. The thought of thus contributing to the comfort of her mother was enough to rouse the soul of this ardent girl to any sacrifice. She would undertake anything to make life's path smoother and life's load lighter for the mother she loved; and the only inquiry now to be made was, where to find a situation in which to engage as a teacher. She first sought in her own neighborhood for a school, but none could be found that was not already supplied; and then the city was visited by the minister of the parish, who took a lively interest in the family, and an effort was made to obtain employment in one of the many schools in the great metropolis. Nothing being met with that answered the desired purpose, the worthy minister was advised to advertise in the newspapers for a situation, and he yielded to the suggestion.

It was represented to him that there was a great demand for female teachers at the south, and if the young lady in whom he was interested was willing to go thither and take the charge of children in a private family, she could find a situation pleasant and desirable, and far less laborious than the care of a school. The advertisement soon appeared in the usual form, and the result was that in less than a month Mr. Jones had several applications for the young lady, all of them from the south; and the most eligible being selected, it was determined that she should accept it, and as soon as a suitable opportunity should offer, that Ellen Gray should go and enter upon her new relations in a distant part of the land.

It would be useless to speak of the painfulness of that parting. Ellen had the strong support of one who *feels* that she is doing right; it was filial piety—a daughter's love that led her to make the sacrifices involved; and great they certainly were. But the mother, how could she sustain the trial? There were kind friends who promised to be

still kinder, and Ellen whispered that she would return at the end of a year; and a few years of service in her new vocation would give them the means of living always together, in more ease and comfort than they had enjoyed before.

She went. It was a new world, and a strange world, and a world she did not love, on which Ellen entered when the low but spacious mansion of a southern planter became the scene of her labors. Her new friends were kind in their way, and did what they thought was enough to make their governess happy. But what did they know of the means to make Ellen Gray happy? It was love that Ellen wanted; and in the luxuries with which she was surrounded, and to which she had never been accustomed in her own cherished home, she sighed often and deeply for the hills and the hearts she had left in the frozen north.

Her charge was that of two girls, twelve and nine years old, and they were delighted with their new teacher. They hated the cross French governess, who had tormented them with her music and *parley vous*, and it was joy to them to have so sweet tempered and lovely a girl as Ellen Gray to be their companion and guide. Months, a few months, passed wearily by, and the sense of loneliness wore slightly away, when George Douglass, the son of Mr. Douglass, in whose family Ellen is now domesticated, was announced upon his return from college. It was nothing strange that he should be smitten with the winning loveliness of this new inmate of his father's house, and that he should wonder that one so gifted with beauty and wit should be compelled to toil in the drudgery of teaching among strangers.

It will give a sad turn to this story, and one that I would not give to it, if it were not to record the dangers of youth and innocence, to say that George Douglass at college had not been cured of the vices contracted in still earlier life. Years of unbridled indulgence away from home had only served to pamper his depraved appetites and inflame his heart; while the associations and pursuits of his educational course had expanded his mind, improved his manners, and made him a more attractive and dangerous companion. He came home to be admired, caressed, and courted; the pride of parents who had spoiled him in childhood, who were blind to his faults, and praised him for those dashing and prodigal habits that made him offensive to others. But

this was the *character* in which he appeared before the world. He had not been at home a week before he learned that Ellen Gray was a lovelier woman than he had ever trifled with; and her modest worth, while it commanded his respect, assured him that if he would win her regard, he must *appear* to be all that he was not, and conceal all that he was.

Among the young men at the north, and in the retired country parish where Ellen had lived, who looked upon the fair girl with admiration, there was not one who ventured to think of her as within his reach. Her purity, dignity, and grace shed a lustre over her character, which dazzled the eye, and rendered her the object of a lofty worship. None had ever approached her with a word of flattery, or whispered in her ear the tale of secret love. This was the lesson she first learned from George Douglass. It was his artful tongue that first told her of her beauty, that, he said, had stolen his heart, and his voice first breathed the words of love into her unsuspecting ear.

Yet well did George Douglass know that Ellen Gray would not, with the consent of his parents, ever be his wife; nor did he seek her as his own choice. A poor, portionless governess was not the girl for the proud youth with a plantation and three or four hundred slaves in prospect. But he whispered love in Ellen's ear, and the sound was new to her, and fell on her heart, and she loved him and gave her heart to him. She believed him; and as she had never been deceived, she knew not the wickedness of the world, nor the dangers that lay in her path.

George told her that his parents were opposed to their plan; and his mother soon gave the trembling Ellen to understand, that if she had any designs upon her son she would soon leave the house. Ellen assured the proud mother that she had no *designs* upon her son; he had told her that he loved her, and she loved him in return; but rather than interfere with his happiness or the peace of his family, she would return to her own home in the far north, and George should be to her as if he had never known her.

This was the first impulse of the generous heart of Ellen Gray. Yet she did not know herself; she did not know how strong were the ties that already bound her to the first and only heart that she had ever loved; and when George proposed to her that night that they should fly to the nearest city, and be married

privately, assuring her that when it was once settled his parents would yield and be satisfied, the confiding girl gave her ready consent, and in an evil hour committed her happiness for life to the tender mercies of a villain. \* \* \*

It was a mere trick of the wretch to get her into his power. The marriage was a sham, in which one of his college companions impudently personated the man of God; and after a few weeks of travel, in which Ellen began to discover the vices of one whom she had supposed to be stainless as herself, George made an excuse to leave her, while he should go home and seek the forgiveness of his parents, and effect a reconciliation. \* \* \*

She never saw him again. Deserted in a strange city, and left in absolute want, she woke to the comprehension of the awful deception which had been practised upon her, and she sunk under the discovery. Nor would she seek comfort from friends of whose love she might be sure, in the village of her childhood. She thought of the mother whom she loved as no child but Ellen Gray could love, and the burning tears of penitence and shame fell in streams at the memory of those days of peace and bliss

when she was a happy girl in her mother's cot—days to come back never to the lone, crushed heart of the deserted one in a friendless land.

Poor Ellen Gray! What has become of thee I know not. The grey hairs of thy mother are rapidly going down with sorrow to the grave. The letter to the minister informing him of thy ruin, was gently communicated to thy mother, and the blessedness of the grace of God in sustaining the heart under the bitterest cup that was ever put to a mother's lip, was never more sweetly displayed than in enabling her to bear up under that dreadful blow.

Ellen is probably ere this in some Potter's field, in the grave of an outcast!

What is the use of telling such a tale as this? The answer is easy, if any one is foolish enough to ask it. It illustrates the deceitfulness of the human heart, the dangers to which unsuspecting innocence is exposed, especially where the affections are liable to be trifled with. This is not the only instance which has come to the writer's knowledge of cruel deception and ruin under similar circumstances, and he writes it for the good of those who may read. Let him that is wise consider.

## THOUGHTS FOR MY BIRTHDAY.

PAUSE ere the "invisible finger of Time" shall turn the leaf, and spread out before thee another yet unwritten page of thy existence. One moment pause, while the bloom of youth lingers for a little on thy cheek, and thine eye still beams with something of its early lustre. Meekly, and with trembling, invoke the spirit of the Past, that, profiting by its stern yet gentle teachings, and "strong in faith assured," thou mayest be ready to meet the revelations of the "viewless fated Future." The spell is woven, the magic word is breathed, and the curtain, drawn aside by hands invisible to human sight, but clearly discernible by the spirit's eye, reveals the Past! Bright, sunny days of childhood, I am with ye once again; playmates, companions, I mingle in your joyous throng; I hear your merry shout; I see your smile, whose faces now look sadly upward from beneath the coffin lid! With

you once more I climb the slippery rock, to weave a garland for our queen of May; or leap the dangerous brook, to cull the sweet primrose that blushed to see itself reflected in the stream below. Now, hand in hand, we steal to yonder shady spot, to gather precious school-room gifts—the fragrant lilac, with the gaudy marigold and daffodil, spring's earliest garden trophies. Frail flowers, ye quickly faded! So did my days of childhood pass away. Would they had yielded to Heaven as sweet a perfume as that borne to me, after a lapse of twenty years, from the memory of these, my withered blossoms! Well may sacred lips utter the injunction, "Consider the lilies of the field," for, alas! do not these mute creatures of His handiwork, whose very breath is praise, send up to their Maker a more grateful fragrance than that exhaled from the early days of many whom he created in his own

image, and on whose infant brows he pressed the seal of *immortality*? Years pass on! Again the veil is lifted; a shade of thought is on my brow; the amusements of childhood are forgotten; while yet the verdant hill-side echoes with the sports of which it was so late the scene, and the mossy bank still bears the marks of tiny feet that pressed it, as it were, but yesterday. The murmuring brook and favorite rock have lost their charm, and we almost wonder in what their power to fascinate us once consisted. The seat in "our village" school is resigned for a place in a lofty temple farther up the hill of science, where, day by day, I pluck the tempting fruit from some fair tree of knowledge. Now recollections crowd of half formed hopes that, in their bud, tinged with *couleur de rose* the whole picture of my future life; and in their train follow in quick succession moonlight walks, and youthful friendships, which we fondly hoped would always last! And now—but why pursue the fairy dream when the bright illusion has already vanished! *There needs no other curtain to be raised.* The breeze that fans my temples now and then, reveals, in spite of its secret lurking place, a silver hair; and although "I am not old," there is a soft voice ever whispering in my ear, *thou art no longer young.* My spirit, heed that voice—it is thy guardian angel's; perhaps a sainted mother's, father's, sister's, brother's. Earnestly would it plead with thee to profit by the scenes which the kind "angel that stirs the fount of

memory" has now presented to thy view. And faithful is the *mirror of the past* to reveal the fearful record of neglected duty, slighted privilege, obligations unacknowledged, talents perverted, time misimproved! More fleeting than the visions of childhood and youth will be the seasons of future life that yet remain. Already, in the bitterness of disappointment, hast thou oft exclaimed,

*I've seen my hopes, like flowers, die, that fade in their early bloom;  
My sun that rose in a cloudless sky, I've seen go down in gloom;  
And a blight more withering, deadlier far, my stricken soul has known,  
Than that his fainting spirit feels, who pines in the desert lone.*

And dost thou think to read a fairer record of another twenty years? Likelier far that, buried deep in the grave with early friends and early hopes, reader, thou and I shall be standing before the Throne, *there* to be judged out of the *great volume of the Past*, a few brief pages of which we have this day been considering.

"For we're wearing awa', like snaw-wreaths in thaw—  
We're wearing awa' to the land o' the leal;  
There's nae sorrow there, there's nae cloud nor care,  
But all is aye fair, in the land o' the leal."

• • •

## DEATH.

BY MRS. A. L. ANGLIER.

KING DEATH is an archer fierce and strong;  
He points with unerring aim;  
And what though his victim avoid him long,  
He is sure to track out his game.

He laughs at the monarch's jewelled brow;  
He fears not his ghastly frown;  
And while the monk is recording his vow,  
In the grave he lays him down.

He drags the prisoner from his cell,  
The peasant from his cot;  
And he must be wise of a home to tell  
That King Death entereth not.

He taketh the babe from its mother's breast,  
The boy from his father's knee;  
And bears them away to their dreamless rest,  
Beneath the cypress tree.

He heeds not a sigh the maiden heaves  
He careth naught for her tear;  
But when the autumn is sereing the leaves,  
He lays her on his bier.

The stately oak, with its branches brown,  
Like his own bow he bends;  
And the hale young tree with its verdant crown,  
By a single stroke he rends.



He plucks the wreath from the victor; now  
A gasp, and then a groan;  
And one who never had learned to bow,  
He has taught his will to own.

The warrior brave his armor binds;  
Death sees its weakest part;  
And through the burnished shield he finds  
His way to the soldier's heart.

He lays the saint, whose well spent days  
Have made him ripe for heaven,

By the side of one whose sinful ways  
Have never been forgiven.

In times of peace, 'mid scenes of war,  
His arrows are flying still;  
And on he drives his conquering car,  
While his watchword is to kill!

King Death is a tyrant grim and old;  
We must yield to his murderous sway;  
But all his dark deeds can never be told,  
Till the last man has passed away.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(SEE PLATE.)

VARIED and expressive are the titles under which the Saviour is pleased to present himself, to win the regard of those whom he came to save. He took upon himself the form of a servant when he assumed our nature, and he is willing to take upon himself any name, however humble, that will express his character and the offices he has come to perform. "I am the door," saith the Saviour, when he would show himself *the way* by which sinners may enter into life—into the mansions which are prepared for them that love God. "I am the vine," saith the Saviour, when he would illustrate the union of the branches, the members of his body, *believers* with himself. They partake of the root and the fatness of the vine, and the streams of life flow to them through him.

"*I am the good shepherd!*" Mark the tenderness of the expression—the *good shepherd*! In other passages than this the same figure is employed to express the peculiar care which the Lord Jesus feels and exercises for his people; but here it is announced with special strength, as if the Saviour would assure his disciples that he is theirs to the sacrifice of himself for their sake. "The good shepherd," saith he, "giveth his life for the sheep." In the eastern world the force of this passage is doubtless more clearly seen than here. We do not appreciate the feelings of the shepherd to his flock. *There*, it is true, that a shepherd often knows the countenance

of each sheep, though he may have a vast flock under his care. He gives names to each one of them, and they all *know* their names, and come at his call, and eat from his hand, and follow him whithersoever he goeth. In danger they fly to him for protection, and feel safe when near to him, to be guarded from the invader; and he is ready to defend them as he would be to guard his own fireside from the assault of a ruthless foe. He takes tender care of the little ones. He nurses the feeble; he lays the lambs in his bosom. This is often seen: a shepherd coming home with a lamb in his arms—a lamb that requites more tender nursing than it could receive on the mountains; and the good shepherd would watch it and care for it, as if it were a child of his. A stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers; but the voice of their own shepherd they know, and when he speaks they hear, as if a father's voice was in the air.

Now this is a most apt and beautiful figure of Christ. It almost ceases to be a figure and becomes a sweet reality, when we think of the exceeding force of the illustration. Christ is a shepherd in his watchfulness over his people. "I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine." It is sweet for us to feel that we are of his flock—that he has chosen us for his own—gathered us into his fold—set his mark upon us, and trained us to know and follow, obey and

enjoy him. He is good. There is no doubt of it. He shows it daily, hourly, every moment. He saw us wandering on the mountains; he came to seek and save the lost, and he found us ready to perish. He took us in his arms; he laid us in his bosom; he brought us home to himself, and nurtured us with more than parental love and care.

He is the good shepherd in guarding us from danger. Our enemies are many and mighty, and their wiles are so deceitful, that we should fall into the snares and perish, if the same grace that rescued us did not preserve us by the way.

He *feeds* his sheep! The finest of the wheat he has prepared for them. He calls them to his store-house, and throws its doors wide open for them to enter and be filled. "He brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." He gives them to drink of the rivers of waters that flow from the fountain of his exhaustless love. He leadeth them into green pastures and by the side of still waters. His mercy to them that fear and love him endureth for ever.

The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. This crowns the evidence of his matchless goodness. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down

his life for his friends! But while we were yet enemies, far from Christ, before we had become members of his flock and fold,

"This Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God."

How near and tender the relationship in which this condescension on his part brings us! He suffers us to look to him as lambs to a shepherd who will feed, defend, and save his flock—will give his life for them, rather than suffer one of them to be plucked out of his hand. But if this be the relationship, there are obligations on us which we ought to feel—ties made strong and holy by his love and his blood, that should draw us near and still nearer to his feet. We should trust in him for safety, for strength, for daily food, for the bread that perisheth, and for the bread that cometh down from heaven, and for life everlasting. His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed. He is our great High Priest, and Prophet, and King.

These are some of the expressive types, and figures, and emblems, under which we are taught to regard the Saviour. Let us cling to him, and in our own sweet experience find him "the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely."

## THE DYING SWAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

"Must I alone remain dumb and tuneless?" murmured the silent swan, and sighing, bathed himself in the red glow of a beautiful evening sky; "I almost alone of the whole kingdom of the feathered tribes! I envy not, it is true, the cackling goose, the clucking hen, and the screaming peacock. I envy them not their harsh sounds; but thee, oh sweet Philomel, thee I envy! when, enraptured by thy melody, I slowly lead along my rippling course over the waves, and linger, entranced, beneath the radiance of Heaven. How would I sing of thee, thou golden evening sun!—how sing thy lovely light and my own happiness, then bathe in this mirror of thy shining face, and—die!"

In silent rapture the swan dipped beneath the waves. Scarcely had he re-appeared, when a bright form, which stood upon the bank, lured him to the shore. It was the god of the evening and morning sun, the divine Apollo. "Dear, gentle being," he said, "the prayer is heard which thou hast so often breathed within the depths of thy bosom, and which till now might not be granted thee." Scarcely had he spoken, when he touched the swan with his lyre, and sounded upon its strings the melody of the immortals. The tones thrilled the bird of Apollo with strange delight; every hindrance removed, with flowing strains he accompanied the sounding lyre; with grateful joy, he sang the beautiful sun,

the shining sea, and his own innocent, happy life. Sweet as his graceful form was the harmonious song. Long he held his slumberous course upon the waves, with soft, dying tones, until he awoke in Elysium, at the feet of Apollo, clothed in his true, heavenly beauty. The song which was denied him in life had become his dying song, which gently must release him, for he had heard the melody of the immortals, and had gazed upon the face of a god.

Grateful, he nestled at the feet of Apollo,

and listened to his god-like tones, when the faithful partner of his life approached, who in sweet strains had lamented him, even to death. The goddess of Innocence took both to be her favorites. The beautiful pair fly with her car of shells when she bathes in the lake of youth.

Have patience, thou silent, hoping heart. That which in life is denied thee, because thou couldst not bear it, will, at the moment of thy death, become thine.

## THE THREE-COLORED MORNING GLORY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name—*Convolvulus tri-color*; Class V.—*Pentandria*; Order I.—*Monogynia*; Natural order—*Convolvulaceæ*.

*Generic Character*.—"Calyx five-parted, with or without two bracts: corol funnel-form, plaited: stigma two-cleft or double: cells of the capsule two or three cleft; each one or two seeded."

*Specific Character*.—"Leaves lance-ovate, glabrous: stem declined: flowers solitary."\*

*Geography*.—This family of plants abounds in all parts of the tropics; a few only are natives of cold climates. The species here described is indigenous to the Southern States, the West Indies, and some parts of Europe.

*Properties*.—Several individuals of the *Convolvulus* tribe possess very active principles. Their roots contain an abundant store of acrid, milky juice, which is strongly purgative. Scammony, a well known cathartic of the drug shops, is obtained from the *Convolvulus Scammonia*. "It grows plentifully about Maraash, Antioch, Eallib, and towards Tripoli, in Syria. It is from the milky juice of the root that we obtain the officinal scammony, which is procured in the following manner by the peasants, who collect it in the beginning of June. Having cleared away the earth from about the root, they cut off the top in an oblique direction, about two inches below where the stalks spring from it. Under the

most depending part of the slope they fix a shell, or some other convenient receptacle, into which the milky juice gradually flows. It is left there about twelve hours, which time is sufficient for draining off the whole of the juice; this, however, is in small quantity, each root affording but a very few drachms. This juice from the several roots is put together, often into the leg of an old boot, for want of some more proper vessel, where, in a little time, it grows hard, and is the genuine scammony." The *Convolvulus Jalapa* is an inhabitant of Mexico and Vera Cruz, and yields the real jalap. The *Convolvulus Panduratus* (Man-of-the-Earth) is a native of the United States, and is sometimes used instead of jalap; but it is less powerful, resembling rhubarb in its effects. There are also other species that possess cathartic properties, but they are much weaker, and require so large a dose as to render them useless. The *Convolvulus Batatas* is the sweet or Carolina potato, which few, we presume, consider "bad to take."

*Remarks*.—*Convolvulus* is derived from *convolvere*, which signifies to entwine, wind about, or encompass, and is thus named in reference to the manner in which most of the species grow, winding around the stalks of other plants, or whatever they happen to reach first, like the bean vine. Sometimes it embraces some rotten or yielding object, which, as soon as it begins to feel the weight, breaks or bends, and the

\* Eaton.

encircling vine, having now no supporter, falls to the ground. Whenever we notice this little incident in nature, we are reminded of misplaced affection. Friendship is sometimes thus deceived.

"Like ivy it is often seen  
Clothed in an everlasting green;  
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling  
Too often round a worthless thing."

A few of the species are declined or prostrate, as the *tri-color*, *batatus*, &c. The specific name is given to accord with the three colors of the blossoms, which are blue, white, and yellow.

Several species and varieties of the *Convolvulus* are planted for ornament, and trained over a trellis or about the door-posts, and when proper care is bestowed, we would almost defy one to find anything more beautiful, unless it be our sweet darling, the bright-eyed cypress-vine, which we prize above all other runners. But the Morning Glory is beautiful. (The cypress-vine is sometimes

called the Morning Glory, by the way.) The common Morning Glory is originally blue or purple, but circumstances have produced many varieties, and to effect the most pleasing display, we should obtain the seeds of as great a variety as possible, and in two or three years we might have upon a single trellis flowers of almost every conceivable hue. It is called the Morning Glory because its blossoms,

— "shrinking from the chilly night,  
Droop and shut up; but with the morning's touch  
Rise on their stems, all open and upright."

*Sentiment.*—Worth sustained by affection.

"O! there is one affection which no stain  
Of earth can ever darken; where two find,  
The softer and the manlier, that a chain  
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind;  
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined;  
The good can only know it; 'tis not blind,  
As love is unto baseness; its desire  
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being  
higher."

## LABOR.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

"LABOR, labor!" sounds the anvil;  
"Labor, labor, until death!"  
And the file, with voice discordant,  
"Labor, endless labor!" saith.  
While the bellows to the embers  
Speaks of labor in each breath.

"Labor, labor!" in the harvest,  
Saith the whetting of the scythe,  
And the mill-wheel tells of labor  
Under waters falling blithe;  
"Labor, labor!" groan the millstones  
To the bands that whirl and writhe!

And the woodman tells of labor  
In his echo-waking blows;  
In the forest, in the cabin,  
'Tis the dearest word he knows!  
"Labor, labor!" saith the spirit,  
And with labor comes repose.

"Labor!" saith the loaded wagon,  
Moving towards the distant mart.  
"Labor!" groans the heavy steamer,  
As she cleaves the waves apart.  
Beating like that iron engine,  
"Labor, labor!" cries the heart!

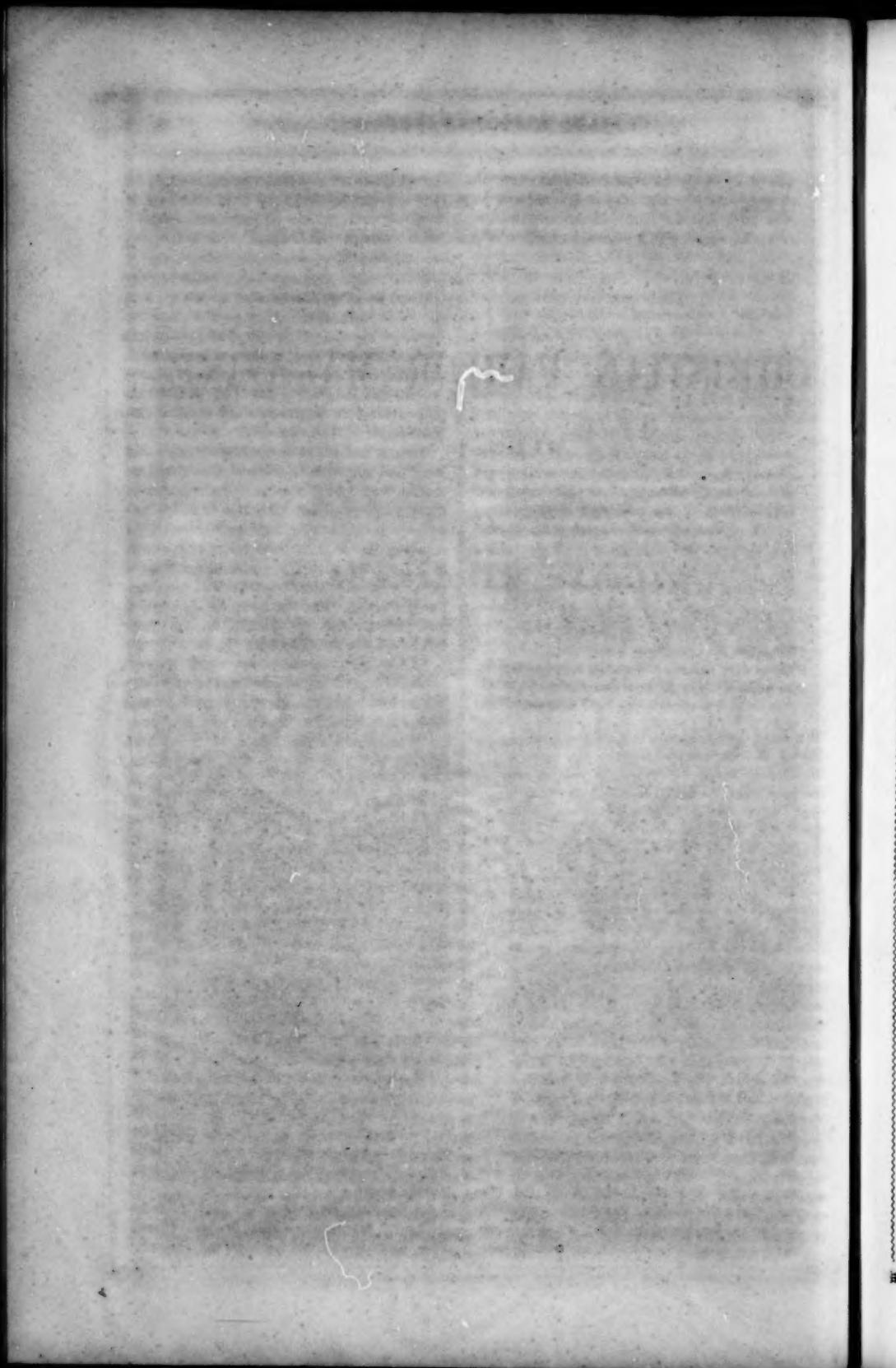
Yes, the heart of man cries "labor!"  
While it labors in the breast.  
Hear the Ancient and Eternal,  
In the Word which He hath blest,  
Saying, "Six days shalt thou labor,  
On the seventh thou shalt rest!"

Then how beautiful at evening,  
When the toilsome week is done,  
To behold the blacksmith's embers  
Fade together with the sun;  
And to think the doors of labor  
Are all closing up like one!





Convolvulus tricolor



## THE STORY OF A MAN WHO LEARNED FOR WHAT PURPOSE HE WAS IN THE WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUNG-STILLING, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

BERTRAM, a poor beggar boy, was now sixteen years old, as towards evening, on a long summer's day, he walked down a steep mountain ridge, in order to beg his supper in the little village below, and then to seek his bed in some barn or out-house. He had never reflected whether the life which he led was pleasing in the sight of God. I do not know indeed if he knew anything of God. The cooing turtle dove in the wood, the beautiful sunset, with all the charms of nature, made but little impression upon him, compared with that which he felt when a good-natured peasant woman reached him a dish of sour milk with a piece of bread, as he stopped at her door.

Without thinking or caring about anything, he walked on until he came to the little village, where a white-haired old man sat before the door of his house, to enjoy the warmth of the setting sun. Bertram drew near to the old man, and said mechanically, and without any meaning, "Give me something, for the love of God!" The old man gazed for a while upon him with a searching glance, and then answered, "Go, I will give you nothing; you are stout and healthy; you must work and earn your bread." Bertram replied, "Ah, good old man, I would gladly learn to work, but no one will give me anything to do, and no one will teach me anything!"

The old man reflected a while, and said to himself, "What the boy says is true; everybody reproaches him, and cries out to him that he ought to work, and yet he knows not how, neither will any one take the trouble to teach him. Sit down, my lad," he continued, turning to Bertram, and then called to his daughter, who was the mistress of the house, and asked her to give the boy some bread and butter; the boy sat down and ate it with a hearty appetite. While he ate, the old man pondered on the inexplicable ways of God towards man. "This healthy and stout lad has nothing in the world to do; he is superfluous, and might be dispensed with: many men, on the other hand, who would be of some use,

die in early childhood, or are sick, and unable to perform the labors of their calling." Like Asaph, the good old man's feet had almost slipped, and he had well nigh rebuked the Most High.

Bertram had in the meanwhile finished his bread and butter, and it now occurred to him that he would walk a mile or two farther to another village, where he hoped to find a better shelter for the night. As he wandered on along the road, he soon came to a wood. In front of the wood, near a small path, there sat a poor old man weeping and praying. Bertram's heart was touched; he approached him, and now saw that the old man was blind. "Why do you weep, father?" he said.

"Ah!" said the old man, "I am a poor blind beggar. I had a boy who led me around, but he has lately run away. Here I sit and cannot help myself." Bertram was delighted. I will lead the old man about, he thought to himself, and then no one will reproach me with being idle. "Good old man," he said, "I also am a beggar; I will lead you about, and you may be sure that I will never run away from you."

The blind man then kneeled down upon the grass and said, "I thank thee, kind Father in Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer!" Bertram saw and heard this, and he wondered with whom it could be that the old man was speaking. He had known nothing of his father, and he had lost his mother in his sixth year. He had heard of God indeed, and had seen how the people morning and evening, before and after meals, took off their hats or caps, folded their hands, and spoke many words; he also knew that this was called praying; but he had never seen nor heard any one pray like this blind man. He now took the old man by the coat, walked on at his side, and guided him toward the village which he had just left, for thither the blind man wished to go.

On the way, Bertram asked him what he meant by the words which he had uttered when he kneeled. Old Leonard was astonish-

ed at this question. He asked Bertram his age, whence he came, where he had lived, and listened to his whole story. He could not understand how it was that Bertram knew nothing of God, and of His holy word. He said therefore, "Bertram, my son, with all thy poverty, thou art very fortunate in having met with me, for I will teach thee how to be for ever happy after death."

Bertram was delighted to hear this, for he was at heart a good youth, although ignorant. He came leading the blind man into the village; the grey-haired man was still sitting before his door, and saw them both coming. The boy smiled upon him, and said, "Here I am again." But the old man was still pondering and trying to understand how it was that the Lord suffered so many useless people to live upon the earth, while so many die who are useful and necessary. The thought now flashed upon him. "Behold how the Lord makes use of this poor boy for a leader of the blind! Is not that a good calling? Is it not something to be the stay and comfort of a human being?" The old man blushed at his rashness and short-sightedness, and was curious to know how Bertram had found the blind man. He called to him therefore, gave him alms, and asked him where he had met with him.

Bertram told him all, and the blind man added that he had been deserted by his guide, and was sitting in the wood alone, praying to God and weeping, and that God had granted his prayer, and had led the boy Bertram to him. When old Paul heard the man speak so devoutly, he was much pleased, and began to converse with him, telling him to take a seat by his side, and Bertram likewise. They sat down upon a stone bench, beneath a linden tree.

"Now tell me your history," said Paul. "The boy who guides you was here lately, begging, and I could not help thinking how it could be that God should suffer so many poor people to live in the world, where they are of so little value, and permit so many useful and active men to die. I could not understand it. Thereupon the boy went his way, and while I was still pondering, behold here he comes as your guide. My heart beat faster, and I thought to myself, 'Well, it is plain after all that even this boy may have a useful calling.' Old Leonard smiled, reached his hand to Paul, and said,

"God be praised, dear friend, that I have

for once found a man who thinks earnestly of God, and one with whom I can have a comfortable word or two, and I believe that Heaven has so ordered it that I must come to you, in order to tell you what I have been taught by experience. I thought once as you do; but I have since learned for what purpose I am in the world. Listen, while I tell you how things have gone with me.

"My father was a village carpenter, a worthy, upright man, who honestly earned his bread. My deceased mother was likewise an excellent woman, but she was sickly. I was her first and only child. After my birth she was bed-ridden for three years, and then died of consumption. I was always about her, and I nursed her in her illness, although I was myself weakly and subject to rheums; yet this period of my life was of great use to me, for my mother was continually speaking of Christianity, and planted in my soul the true principles of piety. She died as joyfully as if she were going to a wedding.

"I still continued so weak that I was obliged to keep my bed almost all the time. A year afterward my father married again, and committed this fault, namely, he looked after money and goods. He obtained a rich wife indeed; but she knew that she was rich, and made him feel it daily. She so embittered his life that he could hardly endure it. I was treated still worse than he, however. I scarcely received bread enough to satisfy my hunger, and weak as I was, I was obliged to draw and fetch water for myself. She sometimes sent me vegetables warmed over, but never until they had grown so sour that I could not eat them.

"Thus through the long, long months I lay upon my bed, and prayed to God to release my spirit; but he did not grant my prayer. I began at last to murmur against him, and to complain that he had given me so wicked a step-mother. I could not understand wherefore I was in the world, as I had nothing to do therein.

"My deceased mother had a brother who was a shoemaker; he was much younger than she, and after wandering around the country to work at his trade, returned now, when I had been plagued for three years by my step-mother. He was at that time thirty years old, and had resolved to settle down and work at his trade. He used to visit us, and soon saw what was best to be done. He came to me and made me tell him all. Among other



things, I could not avoid telling him how discontented I was with God for not taking me out of a world in which I was of no use. But my uncle understood the matter better than I.

"He answered, 'Thou art very sinful, Leonard! How canst thou tell for what purpose thou art in the world, and to what use God will yet put thee? During thy long sickness thy patience has been well tried; thou art thus learning to serve God, and thy step-mother is given to thee as a trial. She is harsh and unkind toward thee; but her eyes may yet be opened to her injustice, and perhaps she may repent. But thy father must bear this cross, because he has sought after wealth instead of virtue. But I will put an end to the business. I will take thee with me to my house, and take care of thee, and try whether thou canst not be cured.'

"This pleased me so well that I wept for joy. My uncle did not reproach my mother; he spoke with her and my father only of me, and they were both well pleased to have me go with him. After a little while he took me away.

"As soon as I was at his house my health began to mend. He was married to an excellent woman, who carefully tended me. I took medicines, and in half a year I was able to begin to learn my uncle's trade.

"My father did not bear his cross long; he fell into a consumption and died. My step-mother married again, and her husband paid her two-fold for all her unkindness to us; he beat her daily. When he returned home drunk, she must crouch like a hound at his feet, when he would trample upon her and otherwise maltreat her; he would not even allow her enough to eat. She now came to us, with eyes red with weeping; she lamented over her troubles, and we did not utter a word of reproach to her; she herself was sensible of her injustice to my father and myself. I now became her greatest comfort.

"At last, when I understood my trade, my uncle helped me to a good wife. I married a maiden who had neither father nor mother, but a house, a small farm, and some money. With all this she was very pious and honest. In compliance with my wishes, she consented to receive my step-mother into the house. So I went for her, and brought her home. And it was high time, for her husband had spent all her property, and they were wretchedly poor. The unhappy woman had received so

many blows and bruises, that her health was sadly impaired; she kept her bed for two years, and then died. We did not remember her harshness, but nursed her while she lived as well as we could.

"During this while I began to understand wherefore I was in the world, namely, to do good to those who had injured me. But I would not have learned this if I had not myself been oppressed in my youth.

"After my step-mother's death, my wife and I lived very quietly together. Everything went well with us; we had five children, and we thought that our prosperity would always continue. My oldest son learned my trade, and I parted with him without regret, when he left me to wander through the country, in order to perfect himself in his occupation. He departed, wrote to me occasionally for the first year or two; but, alas! for eighteen years I have neither seen him nor heard of him; it was said that he went over the sea.

"Within a year the next three children died of the measles. Then my wife was taken sick. All that I could earn went to pay the doctor, and my affairs gradually went behindhand. I could not work very steadily, as I was obliged to tend upon my wife, and thus I fell into poverty.

"You cannot think how ardently I prayed to God during my dear wife's illness, that he would not deprive me of her; but my prayers were not granted. Well, my wife died, leaving behind her a child a year and a half old.

"Now I began to work again, but I soon discovered that my sight was failing. I asked the advice of a skilful surgeon, who told me that my eyes were affected with cataract. I started backward as if some one had struck me a blow upon the head; but there was no help, and within half a year I was blind. All I possessed, house and goods, were by this time entirely consumed, and I was now glad that my wife was dead, and had no need to go about with me to beg. My child was placed in the hospital, where she was brought up. She has turned out a good girl, and is now at service with honest people.

"You can easily think that it came hard to me to beg, but I had no alternative. Again I prayed that God would take me out of the world, for I was no longer of any use here; but my prayer was not answered, and in time I understood wherefore.

"For a while I could see well enough to go alone; but at last I could do so no longer. I

then wished that I had a poor boy to lead me about; and things now happened singularly.

"For a long time I could not find such a boy. I heard at last of a thief who had been hung, and who was said to have left behind him two boys, who were going about begging. It now occurred to me that these children were left alone in the world, despised and abhorred by all, and I resolved to take them, and lead around with me, and instruct them in all that was good. I went to a certain worthy man, who I knew would help me, and told him my purpose. He approved of it, took the trouble to seek out the children, found them both, and brought them to me.

"I took them, and did not let them leave me. One day John must guide me, the next day James. I instructed them in everything good; in short, I made fine lads of them. I kept them with me for four years, when I found a place for one of them at a shepherd's. He behaved himself well, labored afterwards in the service of a farmer, married at last, and is now an upright, honest man, able to earn his bread. The other remained a year longer with me. I then placed him also with a peasant, and he is at this time doing very well. It now occurred to me that I had been greatly in the wrong to look upon myself as useless in the world; I should not perhaps have made honest lads out of these forsaken children, if I had not grown blind.

"I then sought out another boy to guide me, and I met with him in the following way: When I had found a home for James, he still remained with me until his place was supplied. We came one day to a small cottage, where we found a woman weeping; she said that she could give me nothing. I asked her why not. 'Alas!' she answered, 'I am a poor widow; my husband was buried yesterday, and I am left with five helpless children, and have no bread for them!'

"How old are the children?" I asked.

"The eldest boy," she replied, 'is sixteen years old, the two girls are fourteen and twelve; then there is a boy of ten, and one of eight years.'

"I then said, 'Will you part with the two youngest to me? I will bring them up.'

"God forbid that my children should beg!" replied the woman.

"Notwithstanding her wretchedness and mine, I could not help laughing at the woman. I at last set the business in a true light, and told her how I had already provided

for two boys, and that her children would have to beg at all events; and thus, at last, I persuaded her. I took the boys; they are now at service with God-fearing people, and conduct themselves honestly and well.

"I then chanced upon the last lad; but he was good for naught. I found him on the highway, but I could make nothing of him. If Bertram now will be good and faithful, he may become industrious and happy also."

Bertram had listened to this narration with the greatest attention; he wept likewise at intervals, and at last asked old blind Leonard if he might call him father.

"Yes," answered Leonard, "that thou mayest. I will always be a father to thee."

Old Paul had listened in astonishment. He now began. "Hearken, good old Leonard, whence come you?"

He answered, "From Diesburg, eighteen miles off."

"Where do you find shelter?"

"God always provides for me, now in one place, now in another. The Saviour, who had not where to lay his head, was no better off than I."

Old Paul entered the house, and spoke a while with his daughter and son-in-law. They were easily persuaded to give the blind Leonard and his boy a chamber, and a bed in which they could sleep. Leonard gazed towards heaven with tears in his eyes, thanked God and the good Paul, and took possession of his new home.

Leonard had been but a short time with Paul and his children, when they found that they could not do without him, for his society was exceedingly agreeable and edifying; in many things also he was of great service to these good people. Bertram likewise made himself useful, when he was not busy leading about the blind man.

Things remained thus for about a year, when all at once a notice was read in the neighboring churches to the following effect: "If any man is acquainted with the abode of the blind shoemaker Leonard, let him give information thereof to the bailiff of Diesburg." Old Paul was in church when the notice was read, and wondered what it could mean. He was secretly uneasy lest the blind old man might have committed a crime somewhere or other. He told Leonard of it on his return home. The latter was astonished, but remained calm, and begged Paul's son-in-law to go to Diesburg and find out why he was sought

after, as he himself could not travel such a distance.

But this was not necessary, for after dinner, as they were all sitting together in the chamber, and as Paul was about to read aloud a sermon from a collection of homilies, a well dressed man came riding up to the door. He dismounted in haste, and entered the chamber. He gazed steadfastly upon old Leonard, and walked towards him; but he controlled himself again, and sat down. Paul and the others were greatly astonished. Old Leonard had heard the stranger enter, but he kept still, and did not say a word.

The stranger now began. "Are you not the shoemaker Leonard, who formerly lived in Diesburg?"

"Yes," answered the blind man.

"Had you not a son who went abroad some twenty years ago?"

Leonard replied, "Yes, alas, yes! but I have heard nothing of him for these eighteen years."

Tears streamed down the stranger's cheeks. He asked farther, "How have you lived in the meanwhile, good old man?"

Leonard replied, "Alas! I have been obliged to beg my bread from door to door, and still God has kindly provided for me, so that I cannot complain."

The stranger wept still more, and continued: "I have heard indeed that you are a pious, excellent man; but now all your misery is ended, for your son has been heard of; he is very rich, and I am sent to greet you from him."

Leonard was greatly moved, and turned pale for joy; he arose as if to leave the room, groped with his hands, but knew not whither to turn. The stranger could restrain himself no longer; he ran toward the old man, fell upon his neck, cried, and wept aloud, and said, "Dearest father, I am your lost son—I am your long lost James!"

The old man clasped his son to his bosom, sobbed and wept, and gave thanks to God. Paul and his family wept also, but Bertram laughed.

After this affecting scene was over, the old man began to ask a thousand questions. James now related how he had been kidnapped eighteen years ago, and sent to sea. He recounted all his sufferings, and how at last he had been fortunate in the East Indies, and had married a woman worth fifty thousand crowns, and how he was now living with her in Amsterdam, and had journeyed hither to seek out his father and friends, that they might share in his good fortune.

Upon this the son sent for a carriage to take his father with him to Diesburg. Bertram wept bitterly; but when James heard that he was a good and honest boy, and had served his father faithfully, he took him also with him, and promised him, if he behaved well, that he would provide for him also.

When old Leonard took his leave, all wept. Paul pressed his hand, and said, "We shall see each other again in eternity."

"Yes," answered Leonard, "he who has lived the life of a Christian may lift up his head and rejoice; but I should like to know what further use God will put me to."

Paul continued: "Do not be uneasy about that; if, as a blind beggar, you have done so much good, how much more will you do when the Lord has given you competence!"

James promised to afford him opportunities enough for doing good. He and his father now rode away, and took Bertram with them. James purchased a house and garden in Diesburg, and gave it to his father. He then promised to send a sum of money yearly, which he could employ for the good of mankind. Bertram, he said, must be put to school, and be industrious, and learn in time to be useful. Leonard then sent for his daughter, and gave her the charge of the house.

The old man's blindness now distressed him doubly, for he longed to look upon his son. The latter had taken measures for this also; for as the disease in his eyes was thought not to be incurable, a skilful surgeon was sent for, who came and operated upon them with complete success. Old Leonard was now perfectly happy. His son returned to Holland, whence he sent him every year the sum which he had promised. With this Leonard purchased cotton, and established a large factory, and thus became a benefactor to the whole country around.

But old Paul and his family did not long remain forgotten. The poor cottage and bit of land which he owned were sold, and Leonard purchased him a comfortable house and garden in the neighborhood of Diesburg, whither the old man moved with his children. The two old men often visited each other, and joined in praising God for his holy care and guidance. Paul died first, and Leonard mourned for him like a brother. Bertram became in time his partner, and after his death was left heir to the house and factory, and lived and died a devout and useful man.

## RAMBLES IN LONDON.

REV. MR. MELVILLE—MARCHIONESS OF P.—DUKE OF WELLINGTON—  
THE QUEEN.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

THE first day in a large strange city always awakens peculiar feelings, for the mind has not yet adapted itself to its new home, new associations, and new objects. There is a sense of vagueness, indefiniteness, as if all landmarks and road-marks were mingled in inextricable confusion. As you pass along and fix, one after another, some striking localities, constituting, as it were, points of observation, gradually the chaos begins to assume form and arrangement, till at length the endless web of streets lies like a map in the mind.

I have always had one rule in visiting large cities on the continent. First I get a map and study it carefully, fixing, at the outset, some principal street as a centre around which I am to gather all other highways and byways. This is a capital plan, for all cities have some one great thoroughfare along which the main stream of life flows. Thus you have the Toledo at Naples, the Corso at Rome, the Boulevards at Paris, Broadway in New York, &c., &c. After this is done, I select some day and purposely lose myself, by constant indefinite wandering in the city. Guided by no definite object, following merely the whim of the moment, I am more apt thus to fall in with new and unexpected things, and see every object with the eye of an impartial observer.

But London has three or four thoroughfares of almost equal importance. Its millions of souls must have more than one outlet, and hence a person is easier confused in it than in almost any other large city in the world. There is one thing, however, that helps a stranger amazingly in knowing his whereabouts—the three great streets, Regent street, Oxford street, and the Strand, all empty themselves near Cheapside, and thus fix a centre to the mind.

There is one peculiarity in foreign cities, especially on the continent, which always strikes a stranger, and that is tablets, etc., fixed in the houses, indicating some great event, and the time it transpired. Thus in Florence there

are inscriptions fixing the rise of a great flood; and in the pavement near the Duomo, one which informs the stranger that Dante used to come and sit there of an evening, and look on the splendid cathedral, as the glorious sunbeams fell upon it. In another direction you are informed that Corinna inhabited the house before you; and by the Arno, that a man there once boldly leaped into the water and saved a female. So in walking along Aldersgate street, London, I saw a tablet fixed in the walls of a house, stating that there a bloody murder was committed, and warning all good people against the crime. Sauntering along I came to Smithfield, famous for the martyrdom of Rogers and his family; but I never was so bothered to get up any feeling or sympathy about an interesting locality in my life, for there before me, in the open space, were countless sheep pens, composed each of some half a dozen bars, while the incessant bleating of the poor animals within made a perfect chaos of sound. Smithfield is now a *sheep market* in the heart of London—thus changes the world about us—and the old Roman Forum is a *cow market*.

There is nothing I have regretted so much in travelling as carelessness in providing myself with letters of introduction, the most essential of all things, if you wish to know *men*, though utterly worthless, if you are anxious only to see *things*. I do not know that I should have taken a single one to London, had not a friend put it into my head, by offering me a couple, one to Thomas Campbell, and another to William Beattie. These, however, were quite enough for one who wished only to see the literary men of London, for it is one of the excellent traits of an English gentleman that he takes pleasure in introducing you to his friends, and thus you are handed over from one to another, till the circle is complete. But I was unfortunate, for I found neither of these gentlemen in London. A day or two after my arrival, I drove down



to the residence of the latter, in Park Square, Regent's Park, and was told by the servant that Mr. B. was in Dover. Leaving a little present for him, with which I had been entrusted by one of his friends, I returned to my lodgings somewhat disappointed. A few days after, I received a letter from Mr. Beattie, saying that he regretted exceedingly that his absence from London prevented him from seeing me, and adding the unpleasant information that Campbell had just left him for France. This dished all my prospects in that quarter, and I set about amusing myself as I best could, now wandering through Hyde Park at evening, strolling up the Strand, or visiting monuments and works of art.

On the Sabbath I concluded to go to Camberwell, and hear the celebrated Mr. Melville preach. I had read his sermons in America, and been struck with their fervid, glowing eloquence, and hence was exceedingly anxious to hear him. Camberwell, which, though a part of London, is three miles from St. Paul's, resembles more some large and beautiful village than the fragment of a city. I had been told that it was difficult to get entrance to the church, as crowds thronged to hear him; and as I entered the humble, unpretending building, packed clear out into the portico, I could not but wonder why he should not choose some more extensive field of labor. By urging my way to the door, and consenting to stand during the whole service, I succeeded in getting both a good view and good hearing. As he rose in the pulpit his appearance gave no indication of the rousing, thrilling orator I knew him to be, unless it was the expression about the eye. There was that peculiar lifting to the brow, a sort of openness and airiness about the upper part of the face, which belongs more or less to all your ardent, enthusiastic characters. No man who has a soul with wings to it, on which it now and then mounts upward with a stroke that carries the eye of the beholder in rapture after it, is without some feature which is capable of lighting up into intense brilliancy.

Mr. Melville looks to be about forty-five. His full head of hair, which lies in tufts around his forehead, is slightly turned with grey, while his voice, without being very powerful, is full and rich. His text embraced those verses which describe the resurrection of Lazarus. The topic promised something rich and striking, and I was expecting a display of his impassioned eloquence, but was

disappointed. He had divided the subject into two sermons, and the first which I was to hear was a train of reasoning. He commenced by taking the infidel side of the question, and argued through the first half of his sermon as I never heard a sceptic reason. He took the ground that the miracle was wholly improbable, from the fact that but one of the evangelists had mentioned it. Here was one of the most important miracles Christ ever performed—one which, if well established, would authenticate his claim and mission beyond a doubt, and yet but one single evangelist makes mention of it. All the other miracles were open to some criticism. The son of the widow of Nain might have been in a trance, or the functions of life suddenly suspended, as is often witnessed, and the presence and voice of Christ been the occasion only, not the cause, of his awaking at that particular time. As for healing the sick, that had been done by others, and there were many instances on record where the excited action of the mind in a new channel had produced great bodily effects. But here was a case in which none of these suppositions could be of any weight. Lazarus had lain in his grave four days, and decomposition had already commenced. All the friends knew it, for they had been present at the funeral. They had not only closed his eyes, but laid him in his grave, and placed a huge stone upon it. Shut out from the light and air of heaven, his body had begun to return to its mother earth. In this state of things Christ arrives, and going mournfully to the tomb of his friend, calls him from his sleep of death. The dead man moves in his grave clothes, arises, and comes forth! Now, in the first place, was it likely that so wonderful an occurrence as this should have escaped the knowledge of the disciples, or if known, would have been omitted in their biographies of him? Did not the unbroken silence of all these writers argue against the occurrence of the miracle? These disciples mention with great minuteness many acts of the Saviour apparently of less importance, and yet this wondrous miracle is unaccountably left out. Mr. Melville went on in this way, bringing forward argument after argument, and applying them with such power and force, that I really began to tremble. That his views were correct, I had no doubt; but I feared he was not aware of the strong light in which he was putting the case, nor of the impression he was making on his hearers. I knew he de-

signed to meet and overthrow this tremendous array of argument, which no infidel could have used with such consummate ability; but I doubted whether the audience would feel the force of his after reasoning as they evidently had of his former. To his mind the logic might be both clear and convincing, but not to the hearer. But I was mistaken. The giants he had reared around his subject became men of mist before him. They went down, one after another, under his stroke, with such rapidity, that the heart became relieved, as if a burden had been suddenly removed. He denied, in the first place, that there was anything so peculiar about the miracle as the whole argument of the infidel assumed. He adduced several other miracles giving more convincing proof of Christ's divinity than it—furnishing less grounds for cavil; and then went on to show that this very omission proved, if not that miracle, the truth of the statements of the evangelists, and their perfect freedom from all collusion, and thus in the end proved the miracle itself. His argument and illustration were both beautiful, and I was very sorry when he was through.

I should like to have heard the other part of the subject, when he came to speak with the faith and love of the believer of that thrilling scene. I have no doubt it gave occasion to one of his finest efforts, and around that grave he poured light so intense and dazzling, that the hearer became a *spectator*, and emotion took the place of reason. Mr. Melville is the younger son of a nobleman, and exhibits in his manner and bearing something of the *hauteur* so peculiar to the English aristocracy. He, however, does not seem to be an ambitious man, or he would not stay in this village-like church in the suburbs of the city. His health may have something to do with it; but I imagine the half rural aspect and quiet air of Camberwell suit him better than the turmoil, and tumult, and feverish existence of a more metropolitan life.

It is quite a long step from this to Hyde Park, and the scene that presents itself is quite different from that of a house of worship. It is a week day, and through this immense park are driving in all directions the gay and luxurious nobility of England. About five o'clock in the evening the throng is the thickest, and along every winding road that intersects these magnificent grounds are passing splendid carriages, or elegant delicate structures of the wealthy and noble, making the whole scene a

moving panorama. Here English ladies show their skill with the whip, and drive their high-spirited horses with the rapidity and safety of a New York omnibus driver. Look, there goes a beautiful, light, graceful thing, drawn by two cream-colored ponies, or rather very small horses, with silver manes and tails. Of faultless form, they tread daintily along, while behind, on two other ponies of the same size and color precisely, are mounted two outriders, who dog that light vehicle as if it were death to lose sight of it. The only occupant of that carriage is a lady, fat and handsome, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and a full, open face, who, with the reins in one hand, and the whip in the other, is thus taking her airing. As she passes me, a long stretch of road is before her, and with a slight touch the graceful team spring away, while the fair driver, leaning gently forward, with a tight rein guides them in their rapid course. Those two outriders have hard work to keep up with the carriage of their mistress as it flies onward. That lady is the Marchioness of P., a noted beauty.

I give this simply as a specimen of the manner in which the ladies of the English nobility amuse themselves. It is no small accomplishment to be a good whip, and the lady who can manage a spirited team is prouder of her achievement than if she performed a thousand domestic duties. What a singular thing custom is! I have seen women in our frontier settlements going to the mill, and driving both horses and oxen with admirable skill, nay, pitching and loading grain. The Dutch girls in Pennsylvania will rake and bind equal to any man, and many of our western females perform masculine duties with the greatest success; but we have not generally regarded these things as accomplishments. It makes a great difference, however, whether it is done from necessity or from choice. It is singular to see how our refinement and luxury always tend to the rougher state of society, and not unfrequently to that bordering in many respects on savage life. Gladiatorial shows, bull fights, &c., spring out from the weariness and ennui of a refined, lazy, voluptuous life. The want of excitement produces these spectacles, for when men become insensible to the more refined pleasures from their long gratification, they seek the stimulation of grosser ones. Exhausted luxury must terminate in brutal debasement or brutal ferocity, and just in proportion as the senses are gratified does

man seek for the stronger stimulants, which are found in that state of society bordering nearest on animal life. This luxury produces the opposite of true refinement, say what those will who rule in the high places of fashion.

But I will speak of Hyde Park again, and will just step across to St. James's Park, which is laid out with an eye as much to taste as to convenience. A little lake slumbers in the centre, on which ducks are quietly sailing, and green and beautiful trees are shaking their freshness down on the dreamy groups that are strolling about, while palaces on every side shut in with their gorgeous fronts the large and delightful area. I was sauntering along, musing as I went, when a single horseman came on a plunging trot towards me. It needed no second look to tell me it was the "iron duke." That face, seen in every print shop in London, with its hooked nose, thin, spare features, and peculiar expression, is never mistaken by the most indifferent observer. He had on a grey tweed overcoat, which cost him probably five or six dollars, and his appearance, manner and all, was that of a common gentleman. He is an ungraceful rider, notwithstanding so much of his life has been passed on horseback and in the field; but I must confess that the kind of exercise he has been subjected to in that department was not the most favorable to elegance of attitude in the saddle. His long and wearisome campaigns and fierce battles have demanded endurance and toil, and though his seat is not that of a riding-master, he has nevertheless ridden to some purpose in his life. As I turned and watched his receding form, I could not but think of the stormy scenes he had passed through, and the wild tumult amid which he had urged his steed. There are *Albuera*, *Badajos*, *Salamanca*, *St. Sebastian*, and last of all, *Waterloo*, about as savage scenes as one would care to recall. Where death reaped down the brave fastest, and the most horrid carnage covered the field; amid the smoke and thunder of a thousand cannon and the fearful shocks of cavalry, he has ridden as calmly as I see him now moving away into yonder avenue of trees.

The Duke has a house near by in a most dilapidated state, which he, with his accustomed obstinacy, steadily refuses to repair. The mob in their fury thus defaced it, and he is determined it shall stand as a monument of lawless violence. His great influence in the administration of the government has made

him the object of marked hatred to that whole class of men who are starving for want of work, and yet have sense enough to know who are their oppressors. Once he came near being trodden under foot by them. They pressed fiercely upon his steps as he rode along the street, and were just about to drag him from his horse, when a cartman drove his cart right behind him, and kept it steadily there, notwithstanding every effort to push the bold fellow aside. His devotion saved the Duke, and the latter was so grateful for it, that he made every effort afterwards to discover his name, for the purpose of rewarding him, but never did.

Soon after, I came to Buckingham Palace, the royal residence, and seeing a crowd at the main entrance, I asked a sentinel on guard what it meant. He replied that the Queen was every moment expected. This was a sight worth stopping to see, so I fell into the ranks that were arranged on each side of the gate. I had not waited long before several outriders came up on a full gallop, and the ponderous gate swung back on its hinges as if touched by an enchanter's wand, while those horsemen reined up on either side, and stood as if suddenly turned into statues. Soon an open carriage, drawn by six horses, came up with a rapid sweep, followed by several men in gold lace on horseback. There was quite a movement at the sight of this cortège, yet there was nothing particularly imposing in it. The top of the carriage had been thrown back, giving it the appearance of a *barouche*, and within sat two ladies and two gentlemen, looking for all the world like any other well dressed people; yet one of those ladies was the Queen of England, and one of those gentlemen was Prince Albert. The Queen had on a straw hat and a light shawl, and with her very plain face, full and unpleasant eye, retreating chin, and somewhat cross expression in her look, seemed anything but an interesting woman. The portraits of her have as little of her features in them as they well could, for Victoria, as Queen of England, is a very plain woman, while Victoria, a milliner, would be called somewhat ugly.

The royal cortège swept into the court, the gates swung back on their hinges, and the blessed vision had departed. The Queen, however, had deigned to bow to me—that is, to us, some fifty or a hundred,—and I turned away to my hotel, wondering when the farce of queens would end. Here is one of the most powerful

empires in the world, sustained by the most powerful intellects it possesses, with a mere stick, a puppet moved by wires, placed over it. A young woman who probably could not manage an ordinary school well, is presented with the reins of government, because the registry says that her great-grandfather's uncle, or some similar relative, once wore a crown legitimately. So hoary-headed statesmen, the proud, the great, and the wealthy, come and

bow the knee, and hail her sovereign who they know really exercises no more sway than a wooden image placed in her stead, with a little royal blood dropped into its mouth by way of consecrating it. This putting up the mere symbol of royalty, and then bowing with such solemn mockery before it, will yet appear as ludicrous as the worship of the Grand Lama, when an infant six months old, by the people of Thibet.

## WORLD-WORSHIP.

BY BAILLIE WOOD LANBURN.

WAKING with my being's dawn,  
Rushing with my harness on,  
Till the sands of life are gone.

"Loving Spirit!" then I said,  
"Teach me in thy paths to tread,  
'Mid the living—'mid the dead."

Forth she led my willing feet,  
Where the sounds of millions beat,  
In the temple, hall, or street.

Swift-purging, on I flew,  
Ever meeting something new,  
While I kept my end in view.

Rising o'er the distant plain,  
Orbed in glory's richest strain,  
Broke a world-subduing train.

Springing forth in brightest birth,  
Rolled parhelia o'er the earth,  
Boasting splendor's countless worth.

Dazzled they the eye that sought  
Nobler things than e'er were brought  
From th' Elysia long forgot.

Then rejoicing strains were sung,  
Swelling loud from every tongue,  
By the tracing mystery strung.

Vision-tracing in the sky,  
Where the lines scarce meet the eye,  
Ere they fade away and die.

Phantom-chasing day by day—  
Loving things that flit away  
With the promise of decay.

Fame-pursuing, where the breath  
Uttering what the trumpet saith,  
Stills the echo in its death.

Fashion-changing every hour—  
Courtng splendor's regal power—  
Purchased with the spirit's dower.

Wealth-increasing—glided dress—  
Swiftest gathered, swiftest loss—  
Slaying souls on Mammon's cross.

Treading where Ambition calls—  
Standing in the Senate halls—  
Pleading still where Justice falls.

Rushing on 'mid Battle's din—  
Plunging in the tide of sin—  
Fame's ensanguined meed to win.

Castle-building, where the ground  
Groans with marble strewn around,  
Ivy-covered—ruin bound.

Building temples in desire—  
Lighting altars with the fire  
Kindled at the spirit's pyre.

Vanish earth's delusive schemes—  
Pearls that seek Lethæan streams—  
Hope's bright gossamer of dreams.

Perish they though high they rise—  
Crumble they before our eyes—  
Prostrate where all greatness lies.

Thus this worship cheats the soul—  
Leads it on to find the goal  
Shifting on a dang'rous shoal.

But I found one refuge still—  
Come, World-Worshipper! who will,  
Find a soul-pervading thrill.

Find it breaking, beaming bright,  
Through the soul's delaying night,  
Hastening on the wing of Light.



## NIGHT AND DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUNG-STILLING, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

NIGHT and Day contended for the pre-eminence. Day, the fiery, brilliant boy, began the strife.

"Poor, dusky mother," he said, "what hast thou like my sun, my heaven, my fields, like my busy, restless life? What thou hast deadened, I awake to the sense of a new being; what thou hast benumbed, I reanimate."

"But hast thou ever thanks for this?" said the modest veiled Night. "Is it not for me rather to refresh what thou dost weary? And how can I do this, except by bringing forgetfulness of thee? But upon my bosom all recline with joy, as upon the bosom of a mo-

ther; let them but touch the border of my garment, they forget thy glare, and sink softly to repose. With heavenly dew I revive and nourish the soul, now grown calm in my embrace. To the eye that beneath thy sunbeams never ventured to look towards heaven, I, the veiled Night, disclose a host of countless suns, countless images, new hopes, new stars."

The babbling Day now touched the border of her vesture; silent and weary, he himself sank into her dusky lap. She, the while, sat in her starry mantle and with her crown of stars, with ever peaceful aspect.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

So many months, dear girl, have pass'd  
Since my unskilful fingers last  
Essay'd the slumbering lyre to wake  
To melody for "friendship's sake;"  
So long in silence, and unstrung;  
In cold neglect that lyre has hung;  
That all its sweetness (if my lay  
Had sweetness in't) is pass'd away;  
And should I strike the chords again  
Of that neglected lyre,  
Silence so long has clasp'd her chain  
Around each slumbering wire,  
That naught but discords wild, I fear,  
Will now salute thy startled ear.  
Yet 'tis *thy will* that I should pay  
The tribute of my humble lay—  
The offering, too, however small,  
Must be, thou say'st, *original*.  
Heaven help my wits! I ne'er could boast  
Ten ideas of my own at most,  
And those are now so hackney'd grown  
I scarcely know them for my own;  
Yet, by thy long entreaty press'd,  
I must obey thy high behest,  
And with unpractised hand the lay  
Waken once more, as best I may;  
But if thou thus hast hop'd to gain  
From pen of mine a flattering strain,  
Thou wast deceiv'd—how'er uncouth,  
My lines must bear the stamp of truth.  
To say that form of thine is fair,  
In motion light as fairies are—  
To say thou hast a sparkling eye,  
And glossy locks of auburn dye—  
And that thou ever wear'st a smile,  
Pleasing, because 'tis void of guile,  
And bright with all the hopes of youth—  
All this were saying simple truth;  
The mirror you consult would tell  
Unvarnish'd facts like these as well!

To say thou hast a cultur'd mind,  
High talents, and a taste refin'd—  
That thou hast treasured up a store  
Of elegant and varied lore—  
That thou hast *wit*, right well I ween  
(May I aver that wit is keen)—  
Even this were saying nothing more  
Than all who know thee knew before.  
Then wherefore rack my brain for rhyme,  
And spoil my pens and waste my time  
In lengthening out a lay, to tell  
What thou already knowest so well!

Fain would I clothe my humble lays,  
Dear Charlotte, in more courtly phrase;  
But should I tell thee that thine eye  
Sparkled with *Health's* own brilliancy—  
Or should I say her rose had shed  
O'er that dear cheek her liveliest red—  
Though I in rhyme such fibs rehearse,  
They are but falsehoods clad in verse,  
Which differ not, the whole world knows,  
From downright fibs in vulgar prose.

Yet truth forbids me not to tell  
How fervently I wish thee well,  
Or pray that Heaven would kindly shed  
Its choicest blessings on thy head.  
Thee may God guard from snares and sin,  
And purify thy soul within,  
Leading thee, shouldst thou ever stray,  
As mortals will, back to that way  
Which all the "pure in heart" have trod—  
The "narrow way" that leads to God.  
And when thou stand'st beside that "bourne  
From whence no travellers return,"  
May God be with thee to sustain  
The soul thou render'st up again,  
And when the pangs of death are pass'd  
Receive thee to His love at last!

## EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

**INFLUENCE OF PHYSICAL CAUSES ON RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.**—A little volume with this title, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Jones, of Philadelphia, has lately been published, the design of which is to show how greatly our religious feelings are affected by causes external to the mind, such as bodily disease, nervous derangement, the peculiar natural temperament and idiosyncrasy, and even the state of the surrounding atmosphere. This is a large subject and an important one. Few persons are aware of the amount of influence thus exerted upon them. The habit of discriminating in this respect would often relieve those who have all their lifetime been subject to the bondage of doubt and darkness. And, on the other hand, the joyful frames of self-deceived persons might readily be traced, not to a spring within their own bosoms, but to the agreeable and gladdening influences that surround them. This whole subject, we repeat it, is one of much practical importance, and it were to be wished that Christians might be induced to turn their thoughts to it more than is generally their habit, until they should at least learn when the advice of the minister is needed, and when the counsel of the physician; for many a man has sent for his minister when he needed the doctor.

**CLUBS! CLUBS!**—Not to lose any lesson in morals or manners of European origin, seems to be a prevalent and very determined ambition of many of our population, and before any particular fashion is fairly established in Paris or London, it is caught up and reproduced in Broadway. Hence a thousand ridiculous oddities that our native ingenuity would never have dreamed of, combine to give a foreign and sometimes quite a ferocious air to very harmless native born young people. Some of these imitations are merely ridiculous, and hurt nobody, such as goatees, moustaches, and various peculiarities of dress; but some of them are working serious social and individual mischief. Of this character, beyond question, are the clubs, now extensively coming into vogue in our principal cities, composed principally of young and youngish men, and got up with all those attractive circumstances of elegance, luxury, and show, and all those convenient and but moderately expensive appliances of pleasurable ease and respectable excitement, which are so enticingly adapted to win the patronage of the lovers of social enjoyment, and to lure them away from wiser and better habits and companions. We have not space to name a tithe of our objections to these clubs; but we may say in general, that admitting the materials, i. e. the members of any club to be of fair character in the start, the tendency to deterioration is too strong to be ventured. The single circumstance

that intelligent, virtuous female influence is excluded is enough, to our mind, to counterbalance any advantage, and to render nugatory the best social regulations. They are the occasion also of positive wrong to the ladies—to wives, sisters, mothers, who are deprived of that attention and kindly intercourse which they have a right to expect, but which are incompatible with that frequent absence from home which the club demands of their male friends. We only hint at the subject, hoping that some one of our correspondents may incline to give us an article setting forth the mischiefs of the club to our social habits.

**THE HEROES OF THIS WORLD.**—How universally mistaken people have been in their estimate of true heroism, everywhere regarding it as the peculiar attribute of military men, fearless and foremost in the battle-field! The Bible, with its usual discrimination and justness, takes us elsewhere to see the true hero. It points not to the blood-stained warrior, but to the simple believer in God's truth, standing up before a perverse, wicked, and gainsaying world, and through evil as well as good report, maintaining a sincere, humble, consistent piety. And in every just definition of the term heroism, it is pre-eminently theirs who endure the cross, despising the shame, and through much tribulation press into the kingdom. The dangers and the enemies they encounter, are sterner, fiercer things than mere flesh and blood, or all the dreadful engines of war; and the intrepidity essential to success is not the sudden, sweeping impulse of valor which sometimes carries a battle, and then reposes on its laurels, but a life-long strenuousness of attack, and a life-long watchful endurance. These heroes, unknown, unsung in the world's book of worthies and great ones, no trail of blood-red glory blazing along their pathway, are found in corners and closets, in nooks and solitary places, perhaps in caves and prisons, for the world knows them not, as it knew not their Master, or knows only to despise and wrong them. What a list of heroes is that in the 11th chapter of Hebrews! This world has nothing that will compare with it. One of the most touching and sublime examples in modern history is that of the Scotch worthy, John Brown, and his wife. The infamous Claverhouse, who had gladly undertaken to dragoon the country and destroy its religious light, found Brown with his wife and children in a retired glen, engaged in prayer. Riding up to the holy man, he upbraided him for his prayers, and drawing a pistol shot him through the head, scattering his brains all about! The tender but dauntless wife stooped to gather up the shattered remains of her martyred hus-

band, while the fiendish murderer, looking on, jeered and taunted her. "What think you of your husband now, woman?" "I ever thought muckle good of him, but now more than ever!" The monster, abashed by the sublimity of her courage and affection, rode off. She tied up the mangled, lifeless head with her napkin, composed his body, covered it with her plaid, and drawing her children around her, sat down and wept. This was a scene for angels to gaze at and wonder!

Some pretty gems in literature are found in the Persian poets; this, for example, addressed to an infant:

When born, in tears we saw thee drowned,  
While thy assembled friends around  
With smiles their joy confessed;  
So live, that at thy parting hour  
They may the flood of sorrow pour,  
And thou in smiles be drest.

Everybody has admired Sterne's celebrated figure of the Accusing Spirit and the Recording Angel. The Persians have a parable quite as beautiful. "Every man," says the parable, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is once well done is done for ever. When he does evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal it. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, '*Gracious Allah! I have sinned—forgive me!*' the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

BEAUTIFUL JUNE.—This bright and smiling month invites us to admire and cultivate the beautiful in nature. All around us is teeming with life and gladness, and it is a delightful and healthful employment, if we can command a plot of ground, ever so small, or even a flower-pot, to plant a shrub or a flower, and thus make a contribution to the glories of the season. Every lady, especially, should cultivate a taste for flowers. Indeed, a lady destitute of taste for flowers and birds seems to us to betray defective sensibilities, or a faulty mental or moral constitution. If the outward beauty and delicacy of nature have no charm for us, we may suspect ourselves of an inadequate appreciation of internal moral loveliness. The simple process of training a vine or tending a sweet flower, is a sort of moral exercise, full of moral suggestions, of spiritual meaning, and by a reflex influence acts

upon our sensibilities and improves our hearts. Plant flowers, therefore, young ladies! "Speaking of flowers," are not these lines by Willis very pretty?

"Take of my violets. I found them where  
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank  
That leached to running water. There's to me  
A daintiness about these early flowers  
That touches me like poetry. They blow  
With such a simple loveliness among  
The common herds of pasture, and breathe  
Out their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts  
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.  
I love to go in the capricious days  
Of April, and hunt violets, when the rain  
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod  
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.  
It may be deemed too idle, but the young  
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,  
And call the flowers its poetry."

LONG LIFE.—That is unquestionably a just view of the subject which measures long life not by the number of months or years spent on earth, but by the number of events, circumstances, and conditions we have seen, felt, or perceived—by the amount of what we have done, suffered, and enjoyed. And measuring the length of life by this standard, we must conclude that our lives in these days are very much longer than those of our forefathers, perhaps as long as that of Methuselah. Life may thus be likened to the revolving wheel, which describes the same circumference and measures the same space, whether its revolution be rapid or slow. Now it flies so rapidly as sometimes to set its axle on fire. The conclusion of the poet is true when he sings,

"That life is long which answers life's great end!"

The question, "How old art thou?" may be answered, then, not by telling when we were born, but how we have lived; and by this rule many a grey-haired man would be found a child, and many a child a mature man.

VENOMOUS THINGS.—It is a common notion that venomous creatures of the reptile and insect kinds suffer no injury when by accident or otherwise they sting themselves. Their venom, however deadly to other creatures, is innocuous to themselves. If this be so, their case differs from venomous-natured men and women, such as slanderers, backbiters, censorious talkers, &c. By a law of man's moral constitution, he who spits his venom at his fellow, sooner or later finds his own soul poisoned and swollen with its deadly influence. Let all concerned think of this!

# THE MASK-SMILE.

POETRY BY E. G. WHEELER.

MUSIC BY IBERIUS.

ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.

The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in B-flat major, 3/4 time. It begins with a tempo marking of *senza tempo*. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece concludes with a *Sin. Des.* (Sine Desiderio) marking.

The first line of the song is set in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The vocal melody is written in a soprano clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand piano. The tempo is marked *a tempo*. The lyrics for this line are: "1. That playful smile, I know too well, is but a".

The second line of the song continues the melody in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The lyrics for this line are: "mask thy grief to hide, For other stricken hearts can tell, For".



oth - er stricken hearts can tell, Hearts that to thine are

near al - lied.

*dim* - - in - - u - - en - - do.

II.

That deep-drawn sigh—that pallid cheek—  
That wasted form and wand'ring gaze;  
Deep-rooted sorrow they bespeak,  
Yet on thy lips that mask-smile plays.

III.

And thus the tree with blighted core,  
May yield sweet odors to the breeze;  
Thus may the winds when summer's o'er,  
Sigh softest strains through leafless trees.

## THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE Parlor Table for the last month has been adorned with many beautiful books, more by far than we are able to notice in a single page.

*The Reminiscences of a Country Congregation*, which have been published in successive numbers in our magazine, have been gathered into a volume, and issued by Robert Carter, of this city. They were widely read in our pages, and those who admired them will now be able to have them in a compact form.

*The Wilderness and the War Path* is the title of a series of spirited sketches, by Judge Hall, of western scenery and Indian habits, in which the power of the graphic writer is finely developed. Wiley & Putnam have added the work to their American series, which also includes

*Scenes and Thoughts in Europe*, by an American, another book of pilgrimage and meditations in the Old World, by a child of the New. But the most attractive book of the month is

*Napoleon and his Marshals*, by J. T. Headley, illustrated with engravings, and published by Baker & Scribner. The style of Mr. Headley is well known to the readers of this magazine, as his contributions have often enriched its pages. He has already attained the reputation of a beautiful, descriptive, and glowing writer; few men, if any, have so fine a faculty of transferring scenery to paper, so that the pen becomes the pencil, and the reader sees what he is reading of, as if it were spread before him. In this work he enters upon a new field of composition, and as the biographer and historian, attempts to combat the opinions of the age and the philosophy of most of those men who have given us their views of the "man of destiny." This work will undergo rigid examination, and whether we yield to the author's opinions or not, his book will be read and admired for the power with which it is written, and the life with which the wonderful scenes of Napoleon's brilliant career are drawn.

*Solitude and Society, with other Poems*, by John R. Bolles. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. It is probably our own fault that we have been unable to be deeply interested in these beautifully printed pages; yet we are pleased with the gentle spirit that pervades them, and the writer's love for the pure and true, while he has not much of the poetic fire. But our ear for poetry may not be as delicate as that of some, and we venture no opinion upon the merits of the volume before us.

*The Mount of Olives* is another volume from the splendid pen of the Rev. James Hamilton, of London—a man whose soul burns fiercely, and his pages glow with fervent heat. Several of his productions are marked by a high order of eloquence, and all of them breathe a spirit of exalted devotion. It is published by Robert Carter, and is designed as an exposition of the duty and pleasure of prayer.

*Lilla Hart*, a tale of New York, by Charles Burdett, is a little book that illustrates with great force and beauty this truth, that "sin will find out the sinner." The story is well told, and notwithstanding the air of improbability that hangs over some of the incidents here mentioned, the moral tendency of the whole is excellent, and the book will be read with profit and pleasure by the old and the young.

*Saturday Evenings*, by Mrs. Hale. This is a very pleasant volume, by a lady whose name will yet command the attention of the reading community. Her pages are glowing with the spirit of pure and exalted piety, while there is also a tone of subdued emotion, as if she had been in the school of affliction. We are sure that our friends will admire the productions of Mrs. Hale's pen.

Wiley & Putnam have given another volume of Hood's Poetry in their Library of Choice Reading, and some of the poems are certainly very striking, though the most of the productions of Thomas Hood were written for the brief hour in which he sported with the world.

And we need not have any delicacy in saying that our last volume is now bound in various and elegant styles, to adorn the parlor, for which it was designed. The press has been pleased to speak in high terms of commendation of the work as it has advanced from month to month, and now that another year is presented in one handsome "Parlor Book," we are willing to invite public attention to it, and to the engravings which embellish it, and the literary contents by which its claims to general favor must be chiefly judged. It is our aim to diffuse a taste for a refined and elegant literature, such as the Christian fireside should cultivate and cherish, and we are mistaken in our estimate of the religious public, if this effort will not receive their support in preference to the sensual and corrupting issues of the press which have been hitherto so popular in our land.